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Democratic Manners, by Judith Martin

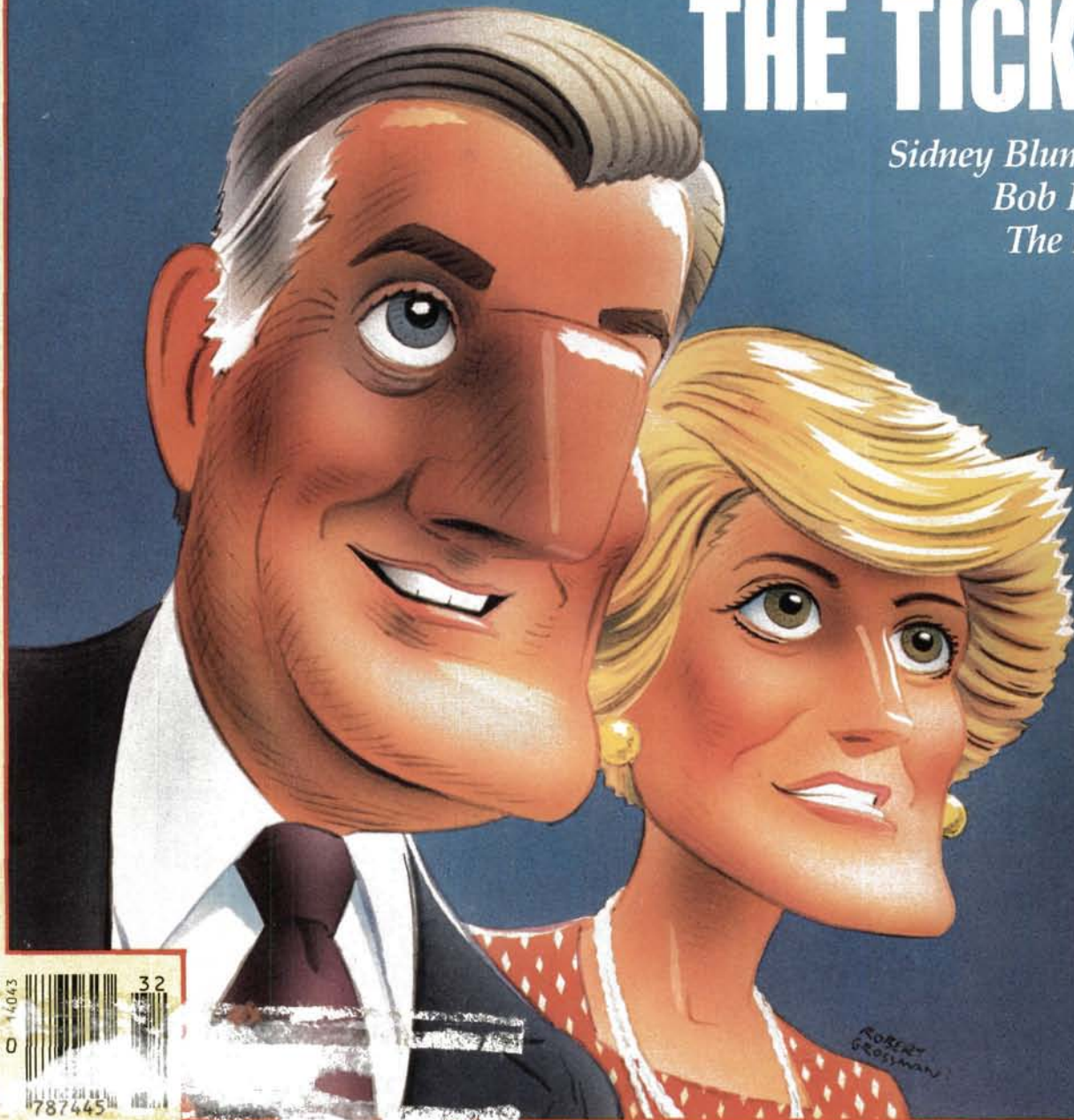
WAS KENNEDY HAD BY THE SANDINISTAS? • CLIFFORD GEERTZ • SAKHAROV VS. THE SOVIETS

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Reports from the Democratic National Convention

THE TICKET

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SALVADOR WAR

To the editors:

In his review of Raymond Bonner's book, *Weakness and Deceit: U.S. Policy and El Salvador* ("Southern Discomfort," TNR, June 25), Piero Gleijeses delivers strong opinions, which he supports by misrepresenting the Carter policy toward El Salvador.

The Carter Administration did not, as Mr. Gleijeses asserts, have a policy of "excluding negotiations with the rebels." We publicly and privately favored negotiations. For example, when leaders of the various rebel factions formed the Democratic Revolutionary Front (F.D.R.), I sent an embassy officer to the inaugural meeting to pay my respects and to express the hope that we could begin a dialogue. The F.D.R. responded by publishing the officer's photo and branding him as a spy.

Mr. Gleijeses has completely confused the positions of the opposing sides. It was not the Carter-backed government of El Salvador which excluded negotiation, but the F.D.R. which refused to parley with the government. In October 1980, the bishop of San Salvador, Arturo Rivera y Damas, offered to mediate between the government and the F.D.R. The government promptly accepted; the F.D.R. rejected the offer, stating that the bishops lacked "moral authority" to mediate.

Mr. Gleijeses is again factually inaccurate when he implies that I did not stand up for human rights. To quote one example, on April 1, 1980, *The Wall Street Journal* reported that "Members of the once dominant Salvadoran business community expressed shock at U.S. Ambassador Robert E. White's denunciation of them for their role in the political violence. . . . Mr. White accused the businessmen of financing 'hit squads' and killing and torturing opponents of the right."

Mr. Gleijeses simply falsifies the historical record when he states that the Carter policy was "committed to support the military, whatever their crimes." The United States had refused all lethal military assistance to El Salvador because of human rights abuses. A few days before the Reagan Administration took office, remnants of the Carter Administration, over my objections, lifted the ban.

It is difficult to understand how one writer could compress so much misinformation into one paragraph. I can only conclude that Mr. Gleijeses arrives at conclusions first and then conjures up "facts" to serve his own special view of the world.

ROBERT E. WHITE
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Gleijeses replies:

Mr. White wanted a "dialogue" with the civilian leaders of the F.D.R.—but so does the Reagan Administration. Unfortunately, neither Carter nor Reagan has been inclined to negotiate with the guerrilla leaders of the F.M.L.N. Mr. White cannot have it both ways. If he insists that the Administration he served pursued negotiations, then consistency should lead him to concede as much to those who dismissed him.

Mr. White, it is true, criticized the activities of the death squads and the involvement of "a certain percentage of the security forces of El Salvador"—but then, again, so have his successors. They have all ignored the complicity of the military command, not only in the crimes of the death squads but also in the slaughter by the army of noncombatants in the countryside.

The concept of nonlethal military aid is elusive. What Mr. White called nonlethal appeared quite otherwise to Archbishop Romero. In a poignant letter to President Carter, Romero begged (in vain) that such aid not be extended. "Instead of promoting greater justice and peace in El Salvador," he warned, it "will surely increase injustice here and sharpen the repression that has been unleashed." Events vindicated Romero's fears.

Mr. White also resisted the dispatch of arms, but only up to a point. In January 1981 he signed a secret cable to the White House which asserted: "We are on the verge of a major policy shift on the eve of the inauguration of a new Administration. . . . [S]worn enemies of the United States are mounting a tightly orchestrated campaign of propaganda and political manipulation to cover the introduction over the last few months of hundreds of tons of sophisticated military equipment and hundreds of foreign-trained guerrilla fighters into this country." The cable, read, as Raymond Bonner notes, "like the effort of a

beleaguered man, an ambassador hoping to hold on to his job, to show his new bosses that he was one of them."

DEMOCRACY DETERRED

To the editors:

I found Michael Walzer's important piece "Deterrence and Democracy" (TNR, July 2) somewhat too reassuring given the experience of the last several years. Mr. Walzer makes many valuable points, but he fails to address the problem of what I call the nuclear national security state. By this I mean a permanently militarized bureaucratic apparatus that is poised for war and able to exert its influence upon Congress, the media, and public opinion. This influence limits the consequence of public grievance and generally immunizes the state and its house experts and various special interest constituencies from the demands of civil society.

In this respect, it seems notable that while the freeze movement flounders, "Star Wars" technology flourishes. In a sense, thick with irony, the peace movement helped evoke President Reagan's commitment to finding a way out of the moral and political dilemmas of deterrence. With bureaucratic momentum behind it, there seems no way to stop this new dangerous dimension of the arms race, while at the same time there seems little prospect of attaining the off-setting goals of antinuclear activists.

Mr. Walzer's conviction that the "real political leaders . . . can stop the drift" seems unwarranted unless the state is democratically reconstituted—no small undertaking. As matters now stand, the dominance of the state places a wall between "the clamor" of citizens and the policies of government in the national security sector. Without a way to scale that wall, the public will resume its role of passive spectator, partly expressing the futility of further efforts and partly resuming mass postures of escapism and apathy that have let us "survive" this far into the nuclear age. In effect, the basic state/society equation of public accountability on nuclear policy requires a bolder conception of democratic politics than the peace movement has managed to muster, or than Mr. Walzer apparently regards as sufficient.

RICHARD FALK
Princeton, New Jersey

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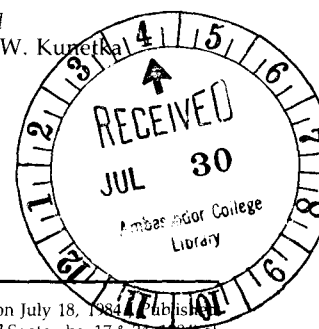
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Back Issues and Reception

CATHI E. STALLINGS

- 4 CORRESPONDENCE Democracy deterred and Salvador debated.
- 6 TRB FROM WASHINGTON FIRST AMENDMENT JUNKIES
Will the press share its free speech privileges?
- 7 THE EDITORS TICKET TO RIDE
Mondale must infuse the Democrats' new (and welcome) unity with a dose of real leadership.
- 9 MICHAEL KINSLEY PREFERENCES
Party delegates face some, uh, personal questions.
- 9 KEVIN KLOSE SAKHAROV'S EQUATION
Armed only with the truth, the inventor of the Soviet hydrogen bomb challenges the Moscow regime.
- 11 BOB KUTTNER THE FERRARO FACTOR
A touch of class—and a hopeful sign of the future.
- 15 ROSEMARY BRESLIN MRS. ZACCARO OF QUEENS
Geraldine's transition from neighborhood mom to national politician was barely noticed back home.
- 16 SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL MADE IN MINNESOTA
The key to understanding the Democratic nominee is Minnesota politics, where government is a given, organization is essential, and loyalty is sacred.
- 21 JOSHUA MURAVCHIK MANIPULATING THE MISKITOS
A shocking tale of depredations by Nicaraguan 'contras' told to a Senate hearing turns out to be, on closer examination, a Sandinista tale.
- 26 STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS: A CIVIL WAR
The Bostonians is perceptive but less than perfect.
- 27 ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER: PAINLESS DENTISTRY
Drama about drugs and the decline of America.
- 29 JUDITH MARTIN THE PURSUIT OF POLITENESS
America faces one dilemma of a democracy: how to be polite and egalitarian at the same time.
- 34 CLIFFORD GEERTZ SOCIALISM IN SIBERIA
Karl Marx Collective: Economy, Society and Religion in a Siberian Collective Farm by Caroline Humphrey
- 36 GIBBONS RUARK POEM *With the Bust of Maecenas at Coole*
- 37 JOHN LAHR SAMURAI SCREW-UP
Wired: The Short Life and Fast Times of John Belushi by Bob Woodward
- 40 GREGG EASTERBROOK GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD
Warday: And the Journey Onward by Whitley Strieber and James W. Kunetka
The Day After World War III by Edward Zuckerman
Trinity's Child by William Prochnau
- 43 SAN FRANCISCO DIARIST GETTING INTO IT
- COVER by Robert Grossman for THE NEW REPUBLIC.



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AUGUST 6, 1984 5

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FROM WASHINGTON

FIRST AMENDMENT JUNKIES

If you're not actually *in* the White House, the neat-o thing to do with your White House press pass, which normally dangles on a chain around your neck, is to tuck the badge itself into your inside suit-coat pocket, while leaving just a hint of chain draped suggestively across your tie. People get the point.

I think of this little affectation every time I read another stuffy editorial denouncing "press certification" by Third World governments. UNESCO did itself in by promoting a "New World Information Order" featuring government licensing of journalists. The Reagan Administration, which loathes all facets of the United Nations (not without reason), knew that this was one U.N. agency it could pull out of without suffering a lot of high-minded braying from editorial writers about "the last, best hope of mankind." A recent front-page story in *The New York Times* reported a rash of new journalist-licensing laws in Latin America, and quoted the American Society of Newspaper Editors: "In licensing lies control, and a controlled press is not—for it cannot be—independent and free" (a reverberant but sadly redundant turn of phrase, thus raising the perennial question, "Who will edit the editors?").

Obviously, allowing the government to decide who can enter the White House is not the same as allowing the government to decide who gets to practice journalism. But the swagger of the White House press corps springs from the same human instinct as the remark of a Costa Rican journalist that before licensing, "a journalist was merely someone who could type words on a typewriter." It's *nice* to be certified. More important, American journalists—invoking the First Amendment—

demand and sometimes get a variety of special privileges. Every such privilege necessarily puts the government in the business of deciding who is and is not a journalist. Yet the same editorial voices that rightly deplore press certification abroad are the loudest in asserting special status here at home which, if won, would turn the First Amendment into a mandate for press certification.

In recent years, journalists have asserted a constitutional right not to testify in front of grand juries, not to submit to search warrants, not to give depositions in civil lawsuits, and not to have their notes and documents subpoenaed. These "rights" share two features. First, they involve the internal mechanics of journalism rather than the actual exercise of free speech. In fact, they involve a desire *not* to speak. Second, they are exclusive. A New York judge recently told a waiter that he didn't have to turn over his private journal to a grand jury investigating a suspicious fire at the restaurant where he worked. Reason? He was also a doctoral candidate in sociology writing a dissertation on restaurants. "Serious scholars are entitled to no less protection than journalists," the judge said. But, by definition, such exemptions from the normal duties of citizenship cannot be granted to everyone. A waiter without a dissertation is out of luck.

This past term, the Supreme Court ruled that the press is not immune from "protective orders" in civil lawsuits. Parties to lawsuits are allowed to demand vast amounts of information from *their opponents*. Sometimes judges will order the litigants to keep such information confidential, in order to protect the opponent's privacy. The Court decided that when a newspaper gets private information as part of a lawsuit, it has no automatic First Amendment right to turn around and publish that information.

The Washington Post reported this on the front page and called the ruling "a form of 'prior restraint' on the press, something the court had repeatedly rejected as a violation of First Amendment . . . guarantees." Sounds bad. At the same time, in a different suit, CBS was demanding a protective order for information it has been forced to turn over to General Westmoreland in his famous libel case against the network. CBS wanted to protect the privacy of its editorial process, the same concern that leads journalists to claim immunity

from subpoenas and so on. Thus, as journalistic First Amendment junkies see it, the Constitution guarantees the privacy of journalists, and outlaws (as "prior restraint") the privacy of everybody else.

The press can be distressingly indifferent even to the free speech rights of nonjournalists. An important libel case currently before the Supreme Court is a good example. The defendant is Dun & Bradstreet, the credit rating firm, which was ordered to pay \$350,000 for a trivial and quickly corrected error. The Supreme Court ruled in 1974 that in the absence of "actual malice" (defined as reckless disregard for the truth), libel plaintiffs can only recover enough money to compensate them for real, proven injuries. This was part of the series of cases, beginning with *Times v. Sullivan* in 1964, offering First Amendment protection against libel suits. But the Vermont Supreme Court told Dun & Bradstreet that these protections apply only to the media. If so, this would be a serious weakening of the First Amendment, since 70 percent of all libel cases involve nonmedia defendants.

Ordinarily when a libel case reaches the Supreme Court, it is borne on a flood of articles, editorials, and *amicus* briefs by media organizations, all warning of the potential peril to the First Amendment. Yet this case has been greeted by almost total silence. I have seen no editorial about it. The only media organization to file an *amicus* brief was *The Washington Post*, which said, "There may be a question . . . whether there is a basis for distinguishing between the press and the rest of the public" in doling out libel protection, adding in a grudging footnote that such a distinction would be "troubling and potentially mischievous."

It would be more than that. It would be disastrous for the First Amendment and, in the long run, for the press itself. Liberties that are seen as the special preserve of a favored few are not secure. The *Dun & Bradstreet* case has been held over until next fall, so the news media have another chance to take a stand on it. I think it's an important test. Journalists perform a vital function in society and deserve some special consideration of their needs. But unless they are perceived as the guardians of First Amendment rights for everyone, they are going to find the courts and the public increasingly unsympathetic.



THE NEW REPUBLIC

AUGUST 6, 1984

TICKET TO RIDE

Campaign advisers to both Walter Mondale and Ronald Reagan always predicted that the Presidential race would narrow, and it appears to be happening already. The gap for Mr. Mondale, who trailed the President by 15 to 25 points in polls two weeks prior to the Democratic convention, began to close even before he dramatically named Representative Geraldine Ferraro as his running mate—down to only 8 points, according to both Gallup and Harris. What's more, Gallup discovered considerable weakness in President Reagan's support. Most voters polled—53 percent—said they approved of the President's performance overall, but in specific areas his policies do not command a majority: only 48 percent approved of his handling of the economy, 39 percent of his foreign policy, 28 percent of his policies in Central America, and 46 percent of his handling of relations with the Soviet Union.

These numbers point the way to political opportunity, and much as we believe that the Democrats must set forth a positive vision of America's future, it's clear that a "negative campaign" against Mr. Reagan has to be a key part of any winning Democratic strategy. Harris thinks that antipathy will have more to do with determining how people vote this year than positive attitudes, and he divides the electorate up into four groups. First, a small group—just 13 percent of the electorate—of people who are tolerant enough to dislike neither Mr. Reagan nor Mr. Mondale. This group overwhelmingly indicates it will vote for Mr. Reagan. Second, 37 percent of the electorate that dislikes Mr. Mondale but not Mr. Reagan. This group goes 92 percent for Mr. Reagan. Third, the 26 percent of the electorate that's anti-Reagan but not anti-Mondale. This group will vote 92 percent for Mondale. And fourth, the 24 percent of the electorate which doesn't like either candidate. This key swing group—a quarter of the total electorate—indicates by a margin of 21 points that it will support Mondale in November.

In San Francisco, Governor Mario M. Cuomo of New York made the case against Mr. Reagan in an extraordinarily persuasive and affecting manner. He captivated his audiences—the thousands in the convention hall, the millions in their homes—by using Mr. Reagan's own evocative methods to tell the other side of Mr. Reagan's oft-repeated peroration about America as a "shining city on a hill." In that city, Mr. Cuomo contended, Mr. Reagan stays away from the wrong side of the tracks.

"Maybe if you went to Appalachia, where some people still live in sheds. . . . Maybe, Mr. President, if you asked a woman who'd been denied the help she needs to feed her children because you say we need the money to give a tax break to a millionaire or to build a missile we can't even afford to use—maybe then you'd understand." This was not a "substance" speech. Keynote addresses rarely are. It was a speech dripping with defiance and righteous indignation at the complacent Social Darwinian in the White House, and it was nearly perfect for the occasion. "The Republicans called it trickle down when Hoover tried it," Mr. Cuomo declared. "Now they call it supply-side . . . make the rich richer and what falls from their table will be enough for the middle class and those trying to make it into the middle class. . . . The Republicans believe the wagon train will not make it to the frontier unless some of our old, some of our young, and some of our weak are left behind by the side of the trail."

And, too, Cuomo called the Democrats to unify behind their larger and more compassionate vision of American society. "We Democrats believe that we can make it all the way with the whole family intact. We have, more than once. . . . Wagon train after wagon. To new frontiers of education, housing, peace, with the whole family aboard. Constantly reaching out to extend and enlarge that family. Lifting them up into the wagon on the way. Blacks and Hispanics, people of every ethnic group, and native

Americans—all those struggling to build their families claim some share of America.”

The following evening Jesse Jackson opened his speech with his own call for Democratic unity. He offered assurances that he would support the Democratic ticket, and apologized for the rift he has caused between blacks and Jews. Both statements were welcomed by the majority of convention delegates with sighs and cheers. We doubt, however, that they will be so easily accepted by the American people—nor should they be. It remains to be seen from Mr. Jackson’s future behavior, whether as he claims, “it was not my truest self” at work when, “in my low moments, in word, deed, or attitude, through some error of temper or tone, I have caused discomfort, created pain, or revived someone’s fears.” Mr. Jackson needs to cease encouraging anti-Semitism and consorting with those who indulge in it. He also needs to stop identifying with anti-American dictators around the world and thereby implicitly disparaging the political values of his own country. He needs to stop talking about American society in terms of the struggle of the races, and more in terms of individual achievement. Mr. Jackson spoke the rhetoric of reconciliation. We will have to see whether he works toward reconciliation in reality.

BOTH THE Cuomo speech and Geraldine Ferraro’s initial remarks in Minnesota as Walter Mondale’s running mate indicate that the Democratic Party understands that it must rededicate itself to fundamental American values such as family, work, peace, and patriotism if it is to succeed politically and govern successfully. We do not even object, as so many other editorialists do, to Ms. Ferraro’s questioning President Reagan’s true devotion to Christian values. The fact is that the President does claim superior morality and openly appeals for support among various religious groups. If the Judeo-Christian tradition teaches a doctrine of compassion and his policies violate that doctrine, it’s entirely appropriate to call attention to the fact. We congratulate Ms. Ferraro for doing it. It wasn’t she who injected religion into politics, it was Mr. Reagan.

Although we think Ms. Ferraro, Mr. Cuomo, and Mr. Mondale (in picking Ms. Ferraro) started out the convention in San Francisco on a generally uplifting note—this is being written in mid-convention—there are flaws in the party’s performance that could re-open the public opinion gap in Mr. Reagan’s favor. First, although Mr. Cuomo certainly presented what the political analyst William Schneider calls “a hymn to the Democratic past,” there was in his keynote address no call to a new Democratic future. We hope this will come in Walter Mondale’s acceptance speech and in subsequent speeches throughout the campaign. The Democrats need to tell the country how they will rebuild the American economy, ensure the survival of democracy in the world, and promote individual opportunity and social justice.

Second, both in the platform drafted under Ms. Ferraro’s chairmanship and in Mr. Cuomo’s keynote address, there was a distressing and continuing tendency to pander

to the party’s sweepingly anti-interventionist “peace” constituency. Even though a majority of the electorate is leery of President Reagan’s policies in Central America, it is grossly misleading to say, as Mr. Cuomo did, that the United States simply “gives monies to Latin American governments that murder nuns and then lie about it.” This is a simplification, to be charitable about it. Soldiers of the Salvadoran government did indeed kill American nuns—although it’s hard to blame Mr. Reagan for that, as the massacre occurred when Mr. Carter was President—and the judicial system of the country very nearly allowed the killers to escape justice. But the government of El Salvador is run now by a democrat, José Napoleón Duarte, whose courage Mario Cuomo ought to extol, and who needs American money to build the kind of country Mr. Cuomo could praise.

Mr. Cuomo also charged that Ronald Reagan was “escalating to a frenzy the nuclear arms race” and was “refusing to discuss peace with our enemies.” Even by keynote address standards, that is excessive; among other things, it omits the fact that it was the Soviet Union that walked out of the arms control talks. And they walked out because Mr. Reagan had successfully carried out the Carter Administration’s commitment in 1979 to deploy Euromissiles. If he is going to be a Presidential candidate in 1988 or 1992, Mr. Cuomo needs to develop a foreign policy that is as informed as his domestic policy is compassionate.

MR. MONDALE’S selection of Ms. Ferraro energized the convention and made the Democratic Party first to place a woman on its national ticket. It remains to be seen whether she can overcome doubts about her qualifications to take over leadership of the country in the event that Mondale should be elected and die or become incapacitated while in office. However quick a study Ms. Ferraro may be, she can’t possibly match Vice President Bush’s governmental background. What she can do is to demonstrate a capacity for growth in office, and we trust that she will do so. That is the only way, too, that she and Mr. Mondale can overcome the justifiable suspicion that she was selected, in large part, to placate feminist groups.

The Democratic platform that Ms. Ferraro put together, the report of the 1984 rules committee, and the behavior of Mr. Mondale in first firing, then re-hiring Democratic Chairman Charles Manatt all illustrate an endemic inability in the Democratic Party to make choices and to say no to interest groups. Some southerners were unhappy with the Ferraro selection, so Mr. Mondale sought to appease them by replacing Mr. Manatt with Georgia state party Chairman Bert Lance, President Carter’s former budget director. *That* decision offended some of Mr. Manatt’s fellow westerners, and so Mr. Manatt got his job back, and Mr. Lance became Mr. Mondale’s campaign chairman instead. Mr. Mondale’s one laudable cave-in to pressure was his decision, on Mr. Lance’s recommendation, to permit former President Carter to speak to the convention during

prime television time. To treat an honorable ex-President as a pariah does not become a great political party.

Perhaps the most disturbing event to occur at the outset of the convention was Mr. Mondale's virtual capitulation to Jesse Jackson and Senator Gary Hart on the matter of party rules. After so-called "reform" led to the virtual elimination of experienced career politicians from places of power at nominating conventions, the party resolved in 1980 to restore their influence—to put a keel on the party, as it were, and protect it from being blown over by winds of popular fancy. Fourteen percent of the seats at the 1984 convention are occupied by "super-delegates," who include members of Congress, mayors, governors, and state party officials. These delegates sided this year overwhelmingly with their fellow politician, Walter Mondale, but Mr. Mondale has abandoned them in agreeing to the appointment of a "fairness commission" charged with rewriting yet a new set of party rules that almost certainly will drastically reduce the role of party leaders at future conventions and reinstate allocation of delegates by strict proportion to the outcome of primary elections. A political party, if it is to stand for something, must represent more than the turnout at one season of primaries. In the name of "fairness" to the losing candidates in this nomination contest, the winner is willing to risk the long-term integrity of the party.

It is not too late for the Democratic Party to repair its self-inflicted damage. The responsibility rests, however, overwhelmingly with Mr. Mondale. He must campaign by showing not only that he can denounce President Reagan but that he can establish priorities among the demands of the nation's interest groups and that he can respond to pressure by not automatically yielding. Americans want a President who can compromise and listen, but most important, they want one who will lead.

Fairness, Democratic style.

PREFERENCES

BE IT RESOLVED that the Democratic National Party shall, during the 1984 Democratic Convention, create the Fairness Commission which shall be responsible for the review and revision of the Democratic Party Rules. . . . The Commission shall consist of at least 50 members equally divided between men and women, and shall include fair and equitable participation of Blacks, Hispanics, native Americans, Asian/Pacifics, women, and persons of all sexual preference consistent with their proportional representation in the party.

—resolution adopted by the Democratic Party Rules Committee

Okay, let's see.

Twenty-six women and twenty-four men.

Twenty blacks, fifteen Hispanics (five Puerto Rican, five

Mexican, five other Latin), five native Americans, ten Asian/Pacifics. What? Oh, right. So make it ten whites, take five from the blacks, three from the Hispanics, and one each from the native Americans and Asian/Pacifics. No sweat.

Ten gays, thirty-five straights, three celibate/onanists, and two pedophile/beastophile/miscellaneous. Beastiophile? Note to liaison staff. What is value-free term for animal lovers? Ck with Humane Society.

Thirteen who prefer the lights on and thirty-seven who prefer the lights off.

Twenty-four at night, twenty in the morning, six between noon and 4 P.M.

Thirty-one one partner or less, twelve two, seven three or more.

Twenty-seven on top, twenty-one underneath, and two standing up. What? You're kidding. Well, if Yankelovich says so, eight on top, twenty-nine underneath, and thirteen standing up.

Eighteen rock, eleven classical, twelve Country-and-Western, five jazz, nine "All Things Considered."

Fourteen a cigarette afterward, ten a long walk, nine an old movie on TV, eight a shower, six chocolate-chip ice cream, three cab fare home.

Fifty who prefer no sex at all to any cuts in Social Security.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

'Glimmers in the dark.'

SAKHAROV'S EQUATION

FOR MORE than three months, the world has glimpsed one of the most remarkable sagas in the postwar era of East-West relations: the unequal confrontation between the Soviet regime and Dr. Andrei D. Sakharov over the issue of medical treatment for his wife, Elena G. Bonner. The world has been cut off from direct contact with the Sakharovs since early April. Despite assurances from the official Soviet press that they are in good health, no credible information about them has been allowed to penetrate the blanket of silence thrown over them by the K.G.B.

In recent weeks, ominous reports have reached the West that the Soviets are using drugs and hypnosis on Sakharov to force a recantation from him. Mrs. Bonner's children in America, who have their own credible sources in the Soviet Union and considerable experience in interpreting the impulses of the regime, fear these reports are likely to be true. There is a sinister context for this. Psycho-terror against political prisoners is rising in the Soviet Union; last year it withdrew from the World Psychiatric Association rather than face censure for a

AUGUST 6, 1984 9

series of proven cases of political abuse of psychiatry.

Any struggle pitting so extraordinary a human rights activist as Dr. Sakharov against such totalitarian tormentors as the Soviet secret police would compel our attention. But far more than most, this drama touches the deepest moral, philosophical, and emotional issues of our times. It does no disservice to the thousands of other human rights activists illegally detained in jails and psycho-prisons in dozens of other countries around the globe to say this. For the fact is that the precise nature of Andrei Sakharov's opposition to the Soviet state is unprecedented.

His stature derives from a distinctive relationship between fact and conscience—what you might call the Sakharov Equation. After having devoted much of his adult life to nuclear weapons projects that only strengthened his country's despotism, Sakharov underwent a moral awakening: the father of the Soviet hydrogen bomb became a fearless advocate of political liberalization for his motherland. He warned the world that the Kremlin's repression of basic human freedoms at home makes it a monstrous threat to world peace. He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1975 for his essays demanding human freedom and opposing political repression, and for his tireless defense of jailed and harassed human rights activists. Five years later he was arrested, stripped of all his scientific honors and state awards, and exiled in Gorky, a city east of Moscow barred to foreigners.

FULLY enveloped in the world of secrecy and privilege accorded to the Soviet Union's most important scientists, the young Sakharov believed it was his patriotic duty to help break the American monopoly on atomic weapons. He became the mainstay of a special team of brilliantly gifted scientists who moved quickly beyond those developing fission weapons, and into the realm of fusion bombs. Largely because of him, the Soviets were able to perfect a usable hydrogen bomb before the more technologically advanced Americans. Though he took pride in the achievement, Sakharov also became deeply concerned that radioactive fallout from atmospheric tests threatened mankind with long-term genetic damage. In the mid-1950s he began to press for a suspension of the explosions.

In 1958 the United States and the Soviet Union agreed to a one-year moratorium on atmospheric testing. But Nikita Khrushchev broke the moratorium in mid-1961 when, in a confrontation with President Kennedy over the status of West Berlin, he ordered the test of a huge new hydrogen bomb. Sakharov, taking advantage of his special status as the nation's most-decorated scientist, wrote to Khrushchev, asking that the test be canceled. Khrushchev refused. In his memoirs, Khrushchev acknowledged that Sakharov's concerns were genuine enough, but declared of the scientist's opposition: "I took it as evidence that he didn't fully understand what was in the best interests of the state."

A year later, Sakharov opposed another test, which he knew had no scientific value, but great importance as a

weapon of political terror in yet another confrontation between the Kremlin and the West. Once again Sakharov failed to prevent the explosion. "The feeling of impotence and fright that seized me on that day has remained in my memory ever since, and it has worked much change in me as I moved toward my present attitude," Sakharov says in his memoirs, *Sakharov Speaks*, published in the West. Less than six years later, he wrote the twelve essays entitled "Progress, Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom," which marked his emergence as a major new voice for political moderation and pluralism. In its most basic form, his credo was: "All people have the right to decide their own fate with a free expression of will."

By the mid-1970s, that concept had hardened into a corollary: any government that prevented its citizens from wide participation in decisions about nuclear arms policies was itself a threat. In his 1975 Nobel Prize address, which was delivered by his wife in Oslo since he has been barred from ever crossing the Soviet Union's borders, Sakharov declared: "International trust, mutual understanding, disarmament, and international security are inconceivable without an open society with freedom of information, freedom of conscience, the right to publish, and the right to travel and choose the country in which one wishes to live." He asserted his belief in "the original and decisive significance of civic and political rights in shaping the destiny of mankind," and he asked that all of us engage in the struggle for human dignity and freedom. Sakharov finished his speech with a haunting coda: "We should not minimize our sacred endeavors in this world, where, like faint glimmers in the dark, we have emerged for a moment from the nothingness of dark unconsciousness into a material existence. We must make good the demands of reason and create a life worthy of ourselves and of the goals we only dimly perceive." His convictions are immediately recognizable as part of the great stream of Enlightenment philosophy that has shaped our own vision of the rights of man.

Without in any way exonerating the Reagan Administration from its strident method of handling relations with the Soviets, the Sakharov Equation helps clear up confusion over where to assess primary responsibility for exacerbating the nuclear threat. And it places in disturbing perspective the implications of the Soviet Union's arduous and largely successful drive to achieve strategic parity with the United States. Ours is an era when many in the West fear to upset or anger the Soviets by committing the simple yet profound act of addressing the ugly truth. Sakharov has not shrunk from this responsibility. He has drawn upon his special knowledge of the impulses and goals of his nation's leaders, and he has said in clear, blunt language exactly who they are and what they represent. He has performed an act of great courage in doing this, and he has been punished for it.

THE FACT that the Soviet regime created the current Sakharov crisis by refusing Mrs. Bonner exit permission to receive foreign medical attention helps to under-

score the leadership's vengeful attitude toward two people who are essentially helpless and fully within the physical control of the state. In denying her a visa, the authorities contradicted their own previous precedent; Mrs. Bonner had been allowed out of the country on several earlier occasions, including a two-year assignment in Iraq in the late-1950s in the service of a Soviet medical assistance team, and trips to Italy in the 1970s for treatment of her deteriorating eyesight. Now she is confined to Gorky under threat of police investigation for allegedly committing crimes against the state. This is a chilling situation, for if the "organy" (the K.G.B.) ever formally lodges charges against her, the full weight and prestige of the state will be directly on the line. Such a confrontation could only end with her conviction on fabricated evidence, or on no evidence at all. So long as that threat exists, the Sakharovs are in grave danger.

Their jeopardy seems increased by the general pattern of Soviet behavior since the invasion of Afghanistan in 1979. In the past four years, the Soviets' repressive impulses have emerged more distinctly than at any time since Stalin. A kind of re-Stalinization is underway, a steady retreat on many fronts from the community of nations. This trend is progressing independently of any moves to reopen strategic arms talks with the United States. There are plenty of examples: the jamming of Western broadcasts, an end to Jewish emigration; new criminal laws barring citizens from giving information or overnight shelter to foreigners without official permission; the Olympic pullout; the vicious harassment of religious and ethnic activists; even the recent incidents of intimidation of American diplomats. The pattern is bleak and unmistakable.

For years the state's desire to punish the unrepentant physicist has been checked because the Kremlin understood that the Sakharovs' situation is a touchstone of relations with the West. However, the need to assert invincible power over its citizens has always been the party's paramount concern, and, true to its Stalinist heritage, it has regularly required ritual public punishment of dissenting critics to reinforce that reality for its own cowed millions. The men who run the Kremlin are not motivated by humanitarian values, and in any case are completely immune from reproach by their citizens. Whether Andrei Sakharov and Elena Bonner live or die is a matter of indifference to the Soviet leadership so long as the state's interests are served. Regardless of the secrecy surrounding the health and welfare of Andrei Sakharov, we cannot let him be forgotten. His fate is an essential ingredient of our own morality in the atomic age.

KEVIN KLOSE

Kevin Klose, the Moscow correspondent for *The Washington Post* from 1977-81, is currently the *Post's* correspondent for the Midwest and Canada. His most recent book is *Russia and the Russians: Inside the Closed Society* (W. W. Norton).

A touch of class.

THE FERRARO FACTOR

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, at its best, is the egalitarian party—the party of enfranchisement, of social justice, of popular democracy. Seemingly, however, since the late 1960s the arithmetic of constituency has left egalitarianism with dwindling political appeal. The remnants of the Roosevelt coalition—minorities, industrial workers, small farmers, the elderly poor—were not a winning New Deal-style rally of the dispossessed, but a fractious, demanding coalition of society's losers. Thus the appeal of all the murky themes that were supposed to broaden and revive the Democratic Party: neoliberalism, generational politics, faith in the "future," yuppie-ism.

In a stroke, the selection of Geraldine Ferraro transforms that arithmetic and those assumptions. Blacks plus Hispanics plus trade unionists plus the rural poor may be a hopeless minority. But that minority plus newly mobilized ordinary women could add up to a solid majority. The importance of San Francisco 1984 is that the Democratic Party is again, unambiguously, the party of possibility. In 1980 the Democrats under incumbent Jimmy Carter were the faltering party. In 1976, under post-Watergate candidate Carter, they were the clean party. In 1972, with McGovern, they were the peace party. And in 1968, at Chicago, they were the sundered party. Not in twenty years have they been a majority party of opportunity and enfranchisement. In 1984 several strands help to restore that mission: the new energy of black and Hispanic voters, Mario Cuomo's keynote speech, the ideological clarity wrought by Ronald Reagan. But it is Geraldine Ferraro who again makes egalitarian politics a majority politics.

Gary Hart, with his themes of neoliberalism and generational politics, offered one possible blend of the conservative and the radical to broaden the base of the party. These were the elements: moderate on economics; ambiguous on social class; revisionist on the role of the state; liberal on social issues, environmentalism, and peace; obscurely uplifting on the promise of the future. As Hart's near miss suggests, that strategy, if nothing else, had substantial electoral appeal. But Ferraro's reconciliation of conservative and radical is more visceral, more plausible, and more in the tradition of popular American democracy and the Democratic Party. She combines such deeply held conservative values as family, church, neighborhood, and Making It, with the indelibly radical demand of an out-group to be let in.

One telling detail: Ferraro kept her maiden name after her marriage in 1960, not out of feminist symbolism, but out of respect for her mother, who went back to work sewing beads to put Ferraro through school. It is hard to imagine a more mainstream feminism than solidarity with one's mother.

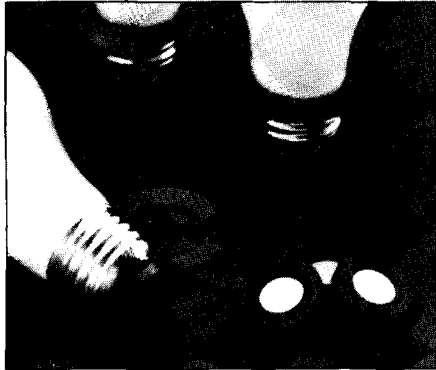
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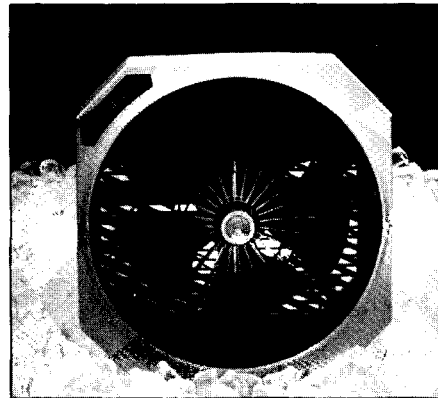


as a regular office or table chair and has been used successfully in homes and offices by people 4'6" to 6'9". It will improve your comfort, posture and the back strain associated with long periods of sitting in conventional chairs. **\$90.00** (\$9.95) #A925.

FAN-TASTIC

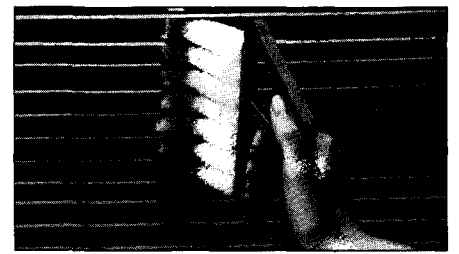


or the louver locked in position to give the directional air flow of a conventional fan. The 3-speed Circulaire fan is quiet, lightweight (under 9 lbs.), fully portable and energy-efficient. This is truly a year-round fan, creating a cooling breeze in the summertime, circulating air in every direction in winter so that heat does not gather at the ceiling. Made in Providence, R.I., it measures 16½" x 9½" x 17½", carries a 1-year warranty, and costs **\$42.00** (\$5.95) #A1060.



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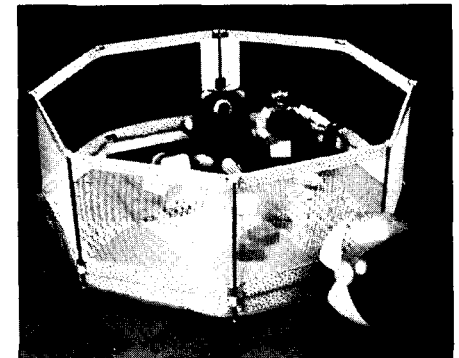
7-FINGERED BLIND CLEANER



It has taken a long time figuring out how to clean venetian blinds efficiently. Early inventions simply spread the dirt around instead of picking it up. Later ones worked better but most cleaned only one slat at a time. Now a California designer has finally solved the problem convincingly. It has 7 roller fingers, 4" long and covered with a synthetic lambswool that picks up and holds dust and dirt. Pull the trigger and the fingers spread enough to slip over the blind slats (6 mini-blind slats or 3 conventional 2" slats). Release the trigger and the slats are held firmly between the cleaning rollers. Then move the cleaner back and forth along the blind, release and grip the next set of slats. When soiled, the cleaning rollers can be removed and washed. These revolutionary blind cleaning tools cost **\$9.00** (\$1.95) #A787. Two for **\$17.00** (\$1.95) #A7872.

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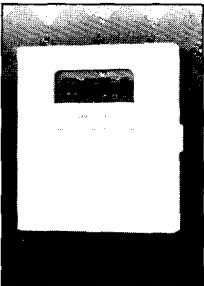
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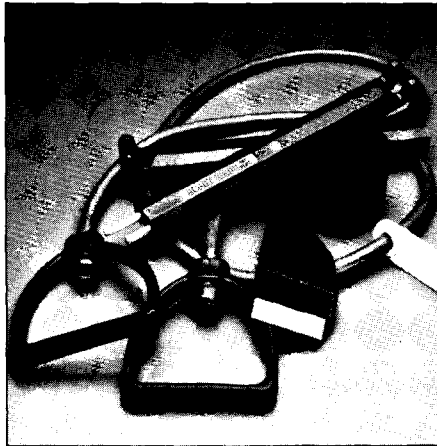
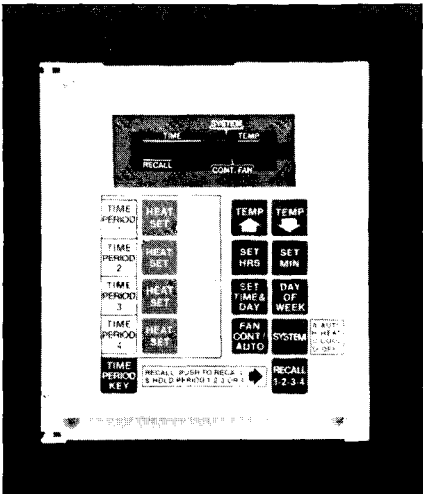


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There are two kinds of self-made Americans: the sort who wonders why the losers could have been so improvident, and the sort who remembers where she came from and concludes, "There, but for fortune. . . ." One could not conceive of a more felicitous counterpoint to Reagan's odyssey and his homilies than Geraldine Ferraro. Her friend and early supporter, Representative Barbara Mikulski, says, "For Gerry, Social Security isn't an abstract program to be defended ideologically. It was something that carried her own family through tough times."

To be sure, Ferraro is a relative novice. She is inexperienced on foreign policy, and only very recently played a leadership role in the party and in Congress. As a newcomer to national politics, she also runs the risk of having her sassiness occasionally be branded gaffery; her new major-league handlers will undoubtedly try to minimize that risk by turning her into a cardboard figure. Moreover some voters will either reject her out of hand as a woman or as an untested political figure. But she also brings some of the same strengths as Mario Cuomo.

The power of the 1984 ticket is not the idea of a Ferraro (At last! A woman!), which moves only the ideologues, but Ferraro herself. In twenty-five years of soaking up political rhetoric and savoring different blends of liberalism, I have heard few liberals—not even the sainted Bobby Kennedy—who do a more convincing job of combining egalitarian themes with traditional values. In a media season when politicians can go from underexposed to overexposed in a matter of weeks, Ferraro will have a long half-life. Just as Mondale's inevitability sagged once he seemed vulnerable, Hart's novelty ceased to be a special strength once he became familiar. She will get better the more the voters learn about her. In Ferraro, there is something genuinely new, genuinely complex, genuinely suggestive of possibility.

Ferraro personifies the struggles of at least two generations of American women. To make it in a man's world; to integrate work, marriage, raising children; to hold onto one's personal moorings while the ground is shifting, with a measure of dignity and humor. It was not out of ideological reflexes that so many women exchanged hugs and tears, phoned their own mothers, made very young daughters watch the evening news—but out of deep life experience.

AS NOW's pre-convention near-debacle suggests, feminism with a capital F can be dismissed as just another bunch of shrill, special pleaders. But Ferraro could very well mobilize for the Democrats a small-f feminism; the inchoate incipient feminism of millions of ordinary American women. NOW may have only a quarter-million members. But in every woman who has taken a lower salary than a clumsier male colleague, or held the head of a vomiting child at 3 A.M. while her husband slept, or watched her living standards and self-esteem shatter after a divorce, there beats the heart of a radical. And there are more than a few men who have watched the struggles of their wives/mothers/daughters/sisters with grudging and

occasionally gracious respect, if not pride.

One can argue the gender gap several ways, but gender gap ultimately is the wrong way to understand what is occurring. Yes, there is a statistical gap. Women vote in greater numbers. Women vote for liberal and Democratic candidates more consistently than men. Women are also more pacifist. The gender gap widens in races that are ideologically polarized. On the other hand, the gender gap can just as easily be interpreted as the failure of liberalism and Democratic candidates to attract men.

But the power of Ferraro is not based on the slight statistical propensity of women to vote for liberals or for other women. Her power is the prospect that she will draw into politics, on the Democratic side, an enormous group of new, enthused voters, whose private sense of injustice has been private and apolitical.

The historian Lawrence Goodwyn, in his extraordinary study of the populist revolt, *Democratic Promise*, wrote of the "movement culture" that opens "new vistas of social possibility." Genuine mass movements, said Goodwyn, are built on transformations of political imagination, such as occurred in the agrarian revolt of the 1890s or the civil rights stirrings of the 1960s. Goodwyn wrote, "Democratic movements are initiated by people who have individually managed to attain a high level of personal political self-respect." Ferraro embodies the growing personal political self-respect of women.

In 1984 the Democratic Party came within a hair of abandoning its role as the egalitarian party, perhaps forever. If it had taken the neoliberal road, Democrats would have fallen deeper into the trap of competing to serve the same economic interests that Republicans serve, the trap that leads to abominations like the 1981 Tax Act; and the disenfranchised would have been that much further on the margins of American political life. Had Mondale lost his momentary nerve and turned to Bentsen or Hart or Dukakis instead of Ferraro, the party would have been adrift in a swamp of ambiguous moderation, managerialism, generational politics, and futurology. In contrast, Ferraro, like Cuomo, unashamedly taps the greatest electoral strength of the Democratic Party: its sense of social justice.

And what of Walter Mondale in all of this? He, of course, is running for President, not Geraldine Ferraro. Mondale's role is to preside, Ferraro's is to excite. The old rule is that no V.P. adds much to a ticket. But 1984 brings with it new rules. One can rationalize that perhaps it takes a cool vessel like Mondale to contain the heat generated by Ferraro and the other gallery pleasers. Cuomo, with his eloquence and his working-class appeal, would have been a stronger Presidential candidate, but practical politics precludes a ticket composed of two Neopolitans from the same part of Queens. Mondale is decent, liberal, lackluster, and a lot better than he often sounds. With the addition of Geraldine Ferraro, the Democratic ticket gains a touch of class.

BOB KUTTNER

Beyond the land of Archie Bunker.

MRS. ZACCARO OF QUEENS

TEN HOURS after Walter Mondale announced his choice of Mrs. Zaccaro as his running mate, calm returned to Deepdene Road. A police car was parked in front of the Zaccaro house on this quiet street in the Queens neighborhood of Forest Hills Gardens, in the very spot where the cops on patrol used to stop each night to take a nap or eat a roast-beef hero. On the night of July 12, they were there to protect Number 22 from any lingering members of the press. Dozens of reporters had clustered around the house before dawn to learn more about the woman whom the nation now knows as Geraldine Ferraro, Democrat of Queens, the 48-year-old candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States. But by 11:00 P.M., the only sign of the day's disturbance was the open gate at the end of the walkway on the Zaccaro's front lawn.

The recent accounts of this woman's life have mostly emphasized the struggles of her youth—the death of her father when she was young, high school on a scholarship, teaching at an elementary school by day and attending law school by night. But these are not the things that those of us who grew up with her children on Deepdene Road know about her. Even Donna Zaccaro wasn't familiar with all of the stories of her mother's younger years. "My grandmother must be telling all that stuff," she said. "My mother didn't talk about it a lot. Sure, every so often she'd hit us with, 'You have it so much easier than I did,' but that was really about it." And Donna laughed a little at the story of her grandmother living without meat for months in order to buy her daughter a \$70 graduation dress from Lord & Taylor. She too is incredulous at the thought—we all went shopping at Lord & Taylor and Bloomingdale's (where her mother once sold handkerchiefs) with our mothers' charge cards on Saturdays. Stories similar to those of Mrs. Zaccaro's past hardships can be found in our own parents' lives, but they had little or no bearing on our childhoods. "I mean, she was just Mrs. Zaccaro," Donna said.

To her neighbors too she was just Mrs. Zaccaro, the woman who lived in the three-story brick house near the bottom of the hill. Until recent years, any discussion of ancestry in this elegant enclave entailed accounts of forebears who came over on the *Half Moon* and the *Mayflower*—not in steerage, from little towns like Marcianese, Italy. Everyone now knows that her Congressional district includes the ethnic and conservative neighborhood that was the fictional locale for "All in the Family." But although Archie Bunker didn't live far away—just a few steps outside the stone gates that mark the entrance to the Gardens—his neighborhood was far removed from its shaded parks and its English Tudor houses, which start at \$250,000. Many of our parents came from just a few steps away, and more than one of us has been told how lucky we are to have grown up where we did. From the

New York Post's screaming headline, QUEENS MOM MAKES HISTORY, you would have thought it was Edith Bunker, not a woman whose family belongs to the West Side Tennis Club, who had gotten the nod.

For years Mrs. Zaccaro (Gerry to the adults) was no different from any other housewife in the neighborhood. She picked her kids up at the Community House nursery school, shopped at Gristede's with the rest of our mothers, and went to church on Sundays at Our Lady of Mercy over on Kessel Street. What most impressed me about her was the remarkable calm she showed when my car, parked on the street by my brother Kevin without the emergency brake on, rolled backward down the hill into the Zaccaro's station wagon. My 19-year-old sister Kelly says, "I didn't even know until recently that she was a Congresswoman. Next thing I know she's a Vice Presidential candidate. The thing I most remember about her is when she lent me her wedding dress in kindergarten so John and I could get married in their basement. He wore a football uniform."

Laura Stockman, who used to get a ride to school with Mr. Zaccaro, recalls, "She would shout in the morning, 'Laura, eat your muffin,' not, 'What do you think about the nuclear freeze?' As I got older and I realized what was happening to her, I'd stand in the kitchen and think, 'I should be asking her some really important questions.' But she didn't make you feel like you had to. Sure, she was always popping off to Washington, but she always came back." Earlier this year Laura was watching Mrs. Zaccaro wash her hair in the sink, and remembers thinking, "Maybe I should ask her about her trip to Russia. That would be smart." But in the end she didn't ask. Her other life had nothing to do with the one on Deepdene Road, where she was Mr. Zaccaro's wife. As for Mr. Zaccaro, for more years than anyone can remember, he walked the dog and took out the garbage and each weekday morning at 7:20 drove a carload of girls to fancy schools in Manhattan, where any trace of a Queens accent was eliminated.

OF COURSE once Mrs. Zaccaro became a U.S. Representative, the neighborhood put her to good use. She was often asked to speak at local functions. Carmel D'Arienzo, whose mother is a longtime friend of Mrs. Zaccaro's, says that she addressed an assembly at Kew-Forest, the private school Carmel attended a few blocks away. "You brought in someone you knew. We didn't think anything about it. No one ever thought she'd go this far."

There is a simple reason that none of us gave much thought to Mrs. Zaccaro's rapid political rise, or to her future. Our parents were more ambitious for us than they were for themselves. If Mrs. Zaccaro wanted to take a job after her kids were grown and the proper number of birthday parties had been thrown, that was fine. And if that job was as a member of Congress, that was fine too. But we didn't really follow her closely because we were the stars. When Mrs. Zaccaro began to be a serious candidate as Walter Mondale's running mate, Laura Zaccaro, now 18, called Laura Stockman and asked, "What do you think

about secret service men?" "If they're cute, go for it," Laura replied. And, in the last few weeks, as stories about her mother abounded, Laura Zaccaro again called her friend and said, "Get the paper. I'm quoted in the *Daily News*."

Just a few weeks ago, the two Lauras graduated from the Spence School in Manhattan, where they had been told repeatedly over the years that they were the women

of the future. Suddenly Mrs. Zaccaro had stolen a good bit of the future herself, leaving the girls wondering what she had left for them.

President—it has such a nice ring to it.

ROSEMARY BRESLIN

Rosemary Breslin is a researcher at *The New York Times*.

The origins of Mondale's candidacy.

MADE IN MINNESOTA

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

Minneapolis

ON THE EVE of the Democratic convention Walter Mondale revisited his childhood home, Elmore, Minnesota, population 882. He had left as a poor preacher's kid; he returned in glory, accompanied by the submachine-gun toting Secret Service, a traveling carnival of reporters, and a radiant Geraldine Ferraro. Yet he insists he has remained the same, someone whose past is plainly displayed in the present. "What you see is what you get," he has informed rallies across the country. But what do you see? A mostly inexpressive man in a gray suit, whose closest friends in the Senate had to learn the most elementary details of his personal life, such as his boyhood poverty, from newspaper stories. What do you get? A man who has climbed from obscurity to international fame, from a tiny village to the head of the largest political party on earth, from nowhere to everywhere. What you get, therefore, is more than what you see. "It's quite incredible," Hubert Humphrey once remarked on the surprising abruptness with which Mondale has progressed at every stage in his career. The qualities that have put him in public office and sustained him there are qualities that are largely invisible to the public. His flaring ambition and his extraordinary tactical shrewdness have been shielded from view. Mondale often seems to be wearing a mask. But his very inexpressiveness is a clue to the political culture that has made him. That culture explains much of what enabled him to arrive victorious at the Democratic convention. Equally, it suggests what he lacks—what he must find elsewhere, or fail.

In Minnesota the ultimate goal of politics is the achievement of an unspoken consensus. This constant quest derives mainly from religious and ethnic sources. The dominant religion is Lutheranism, which stresses ritual, authority, and social obligation. And most people are Scandinavian, like Mondale, who finds the poetry of life

fishing in the silence of the north woods. The work ethic is deeply ingrained and often revalidated. If one works hard and adheres to the rules, success naturally follows. Good intentions are regarded nearly as highly as results. Trust is taken for granted.

Tocqueville wrote of an American society based on "individualism rightly understood." Minnesotans believe in what might be called community rightly understood. Virtually everyone believes that the helping hand of fellowship must stay the harsh, invisible hand of the market. This implicit belief can be seen in the unexampled philanthropy of Minneapolis businessmen, who give more to charity and the arts than any comparable group in the nation. And it is apparent in the assumption shared by both political parties that government must do things that individuals acting alone cannot. The Democrats and the Republicans (who are more liberal than many Democrats elsewhere, and don't even call themselves Republicans, but Independent Republicans) rarely debate first principles. The argument is over how, not whether, government should serve. The parties debate means, not ends; issues, not ideology.

Long ago, when Mondale was still living on the Elmore homestead, the native search for consensus assumed opposing forms. One was the crass boosterism and small-town conformity acidly described by Sinclair Lewis in his novels *Babbitt* and *Main Street*. The other was the social solidarity practiced by the Farmer-Labor movement. Mondale does not figure in the beginning of this story, during the heroic days of class struggle, but in the middle, the period of consolidation and maturity. He moved into the house his fathers built.

The party that fostered Mondale began as a movement. Early in the century, across the plains of the upper Midwest, embittered farmers organized the Nonpartisan



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

League to counter the grain elevator operators and railroad barons who ruled their fates even more capriciously than the weather. The League sought public ownership of the elevators and flour mills, and to attain that goal it endorsed political candidates. Most of its leaders were ethnic Germans, and during the virulently anti-German crusade at the onset of World War I many were arrested. After the war, the battered remnants of the League joined with the Minnesota Federation of Labor to make endorsements under a new name. This new amalgamation was called the Farmer-Labor party. By 1930, galvanized by the Depression, the F.L. came to power in Minnesota. Its platform scoured capitalism and called for the creation of a "cooperative commonwealth." Its champion, Floyd Olson ("I am not a liberal, I am a radical"), was elected governor. Olson was simultaneously ideological and pragmatic. He quietly welcomed Communist Party operatives into the F.L. fold, believing that an alliance of "progressives"—the Popular Front—was essential in the face of conservative reaction. The Communists were used for their organizational skills; Olson wasn't led by them. For he also cut a deal with Franklin D. Roosevelt. In return for the F.L.'s support of F.D.R. in Presidential elections, federal patronage flowed through it instead of through the local Democrats, who sank into a third-party marginality.

In 1936 Olson unexpectedly died, and the Republicans moved into the resulting vacuum. In 1938 Harold Stassen, the "boy wonder," founder of the modern Republican Party in the state, swept to the governorship at the age

of 31. He was for "good government," replacing most of the patronage system with a civil service. Most important, he accepted the New Deal; and he implemented his own social welfare, mental health, and environmental programs. The Republican renaissance under Stassen provoked a self-defeating factionalism within the F.L., which fell out of favor with the voters for years.

Not until 1944 did the gravitational pull of consensus become stronger than the centrifugal motion of factionalism. It was then that the F.L. and the Democrats merged, becoming the Democratic Farmer Labor Party—the New Deal coalition writ small. The internal mechanisms making the D.F.L. tick were precinct and county caucuses, forums which elected delegates to the state convention, which in turn bestowed its coveted endorsement on candidates. The F.L. wing of the party was initially fearful that without its old endorsement process the old Democratic hacks and scalawags would surreptitiously gain control. A stigma was attached to politicians who spurned the endorsement's authority by challenging it in a primary. To act outside the rules was an affront to solidarity; it made one an ambitious wrecker, a rebel without a cause. It courted the risk of going back to the days when the fractured Democrats and F.L.ers roamed the wilderness.

The broker of the marriage between the F.L. and the Democrats was a young political science instructor at the University of Minnesota, Hubert Humphrey. He infused the D.F.L. with his energy, buoyancy, and commitment. Only in the beginning was charisma necessary. Later, be-

cause the party gave life and support to the politicians, few really needed to be, or have been, truly charismatic. Personality did not have to carry the weight of politics. The party was the image; public discourse was party discourse.

Humphrey was a founding father, but not much of an analytical thinker. His doctoral thesis was a celebration of the New Deal; he assumed the basics. He operated in an ad hoc manner, often improvising his positions as he spoke. He was the great tinkerer, who showered his enthusiasm on every project. After Humphrey, the politics of the D.F.L. have been typically marked by figures for whom technique is substance and structure is style.

FEW politicians in the D.F.L. tradition have maneuvered as skillfully as Walter Mondale. He has advanced his career by a series of adroit tactical adjustments. Within the state he has been viewed as someone never quite possessed of his own persona, the protégé of one elder or another. Yet his appointments to a succession of offices were not gifts, but the result of energetic campaigns—campaigns, however, that were conducted out of public view. Mondale never presented himself to the Minnesota electorate as anything less than the incumbent. He has thrived by leaving as little as possible to chance. He makes no mistakes, except perhaps that he makes no mistakes.

In 1947 Mondale's political science professor at Macalester College took the class to the Minneapolis City Hall to hear the new mayor speak. Mondale was thrilled by Humphrey. He was caught up in a movement of academics in politics. Virtually all of the D.F.L.'s founding fathers (and a few mothers) came from the university milieu; they might have had humbler origins, but when they wrote the party's constitution they were neither farmers nor laborers.

Mondale entered the D.F.L. at a critical juncture. Anti-Communist liberals and Popular Fronters were locked in a fierce civil war—the national Democratic scene writ small. Almost all of the commanding figures of the D.F.L. made their marks in this battle—Professor Humphrey; Professor Eugene McCarthy; Professor Arthur Naftalin (later mayor of Minneapolis); a son of the University of Minnesota Law School dean, Donald Fraser (later Congressman and the current mayor of Minneapolis); and University of Minnesota scholastic and football star Orville Freeman (later governor and Secretary of Agriculture).

The tumultuous internecine conflict over a great principle mostly turned on tactics such as packing caucuses. Young Mondale became a leader of the student auxiliary. His first political success, in fact, was achieved by importing patronage workers to a caucus to win control of a county Young D.F.L. group.

For the founders, the civil war involved personal and philosophic convulsions. Humphrey, for example, had worked closely with some Communists and came reluctantly and slowly to his anticommunism. "When Mondale arrives, this struggle is behind us," says Arthur Naftalin. "It's a derivative matter for him. I don't recall any baseline ideological test for Mondale.

The programmatic is a given. Mondale gets high points on managing. That's a key to Mondale."

Working as a field organizer in Humphrey's 1948 Senate campaign, Mondale acquired a reputation as a crackerjack technician. He went to law school and joined Freeman and Fraser's firm. He was the bright young man—the safe new generation of leadership.

Humphrey remained the most eminent figure in the D.F.L., but Orville Freeman was the most powerful. Though the 1950s were a dreary decade for the Democrats nationally, in Minnesota it was a time of resurgence. In 1954 Freeman was elected governor; in 1950 Mondale was his campaign manager. He soon set his sights on a state senate seat, but his assiduous preparations were upset when the state attorney general quit in a fit of pique at Freeman. An election was held to fill the slot, an election in which only one person voted—Orville Freeman. But the campaign for that single vote was hard fought. The struggle pitted the labor wing of the party against the university-based wing. Labor leaders resented Freeman's reliance on a new class for his staff and advisers. They backed for promotion the colorless but loyal George Scott, the deputy attorney general. Humphrey, distant in Washington, would almost certainly have urged Scott's appointment over Mondale's, according to a close associate. But he was never consulted. Mondale organized rapidly, down to the level of Minneapolis ward committeemen. Labor spokesmen, however, told Freeman that Mondale was too young, too inexperienced. What they really objected to was that he wasn't their handpicked candidate. In the end, Freeman voted for Mondale in the belief that he represented the future.

Upon becoming attorney general, Mondale told a friend: "I'm never going to smile in public." He felt that no emotion was the most convincing expression.

IN 1964 Mondale arrived at the Democratic convention in Atlantic City certain that Lyndon Johnson would pick as his running mate one of Minnesota's Senators—McCarthy or Humphrey. Mondale was ready in any case. In his briefcase were the addresses of every member of the D.F.L. executive committee and the text of a telegram urging them to support Mondale for the Senate appointment.

First, though, there was an obstacle. Johnson created a test for Humphrey that he would have to pass before receiving his reward. It was the year of Mississippi Summer, the year of moral courage and martyrdom. Now the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party was demanding to be seated as the rightful delegation, supplanting the lily-white contingent. Someone had to work out a tactical accommodation to prevent the incident from sullyng L.B.J.'s pristine nomination. Humphrey decided that someone should be cautious yet committed, lawyerly yet political. Humphrey administered Johnson's test to Mondale. Both their careers depended upon his ability to find a middle way between absolutes. Mondale passed the test brilliantly, managing to contrive a formula that, while un-

acceptable to the Freedom Democrats, was overwhelmingly approved by the convention; it was clear that the civil rights forces would be granted more than symbolic power at future conventions. Within hours, Humphrey was on the platform before the cheering throng, holding Johnson's upraised hand.

Although Humphrey was indebted to Mondale, he was not especially close to him. Moreover, Humphrey thought highly of Congressman John Blatnik, also in the running to take his Senate seat. But Humphrey's influence over the selection of his successor was negligible. The only opinion that mattered was that of the governor—stolid Karl Rolvaag, son of Ole Rølvaag, author of *Giants in the Earth*, the epic novel of Scandinavian immigration to the New World. Mondale happened to be one of Rolvaag's closest allies. The attorney general had a larger staff than the governor, and Mondale had put it at Rolvaag's daily disposal. Unfortunately, Rolvaag suffered from alcoholism. In June 1964, on a fishing expedition with Mondale, he had smashed up a motorboat while drinking. Mondale helped the governor back to the cabin; but he didn't report the accident to the police. Rolvaag owed Mondale for his tactful handling of the affair.

After Mondale was appointed by Rolvaag to the Senate seat (over the muted objections of labor, which favored Blatnik), he could no longer act as inside conciliator. Without Mondale as buffer between the partly incapacitated governor and party activists, the D.F.L. lapsed into momentary disarray. Rolvaag won the 1966 endorsement, but lost the primary. With the consensus disrupted, the path was cleared for a Republican.

THE SPLIT within the D.F.L. after Mondale left for the Senate was not a conflict of principle. Just as it was being smoothed over, however, Lyndon Johnson escalated the Vietnam War. Humphrey emerged as an enthusiastic apologist. The D.F.L. split again, a deeper split than any since the battle with the Popular Front. Humphrey, for his part, tended to see the Vietnam War as another aspect of his earlier confrontation with the local Communists. Mondale, the freshman Senator, stood by Humphrey, at first from conviction that the war was righteous and then, as he became very quietly disillusioned, from personal loyalty. However, the other Senator from Minnesota, Eugene McCarthy, a Catholic intellectual who had always been a singular character in the D.F.L., was not so passive. He broke the tacit rules and challenged his party's incumbent President for the nomination. His strong showing in the New Hampshire primary helped trigger L.B.J.'s withdrawal from and Humphrey's entry into the race.

By the time Humphrey declared his candidacy, it was too late for him to enter the primaries. He had to win through endorsements from strategic governors and mayors, who could deliver their delegations. To gain the support of the party establishment and at the same time try to appeal to the new generation, Humphrey appointed as his campaign co-chairmen two youthful Senators: Fred Harris of Oklahoma, and Walter Mondale.

Humphrey's style and Mondale's clashed. Mondale was always prepared and concise, whereas Humphrey was disorganized and effusive. And Mondale had what amounted to contempt for Humphrey's penchant for suffering fools gladly. "He was not in awe," says Harris. At the meeting where Humphrey asked Harris and Mondale to run his campaign, Mondale pointedly asked, "Are we figureheads, or are we going to run this?" "You're going to run it," the Vice President replied. "You say that now, Humphrey," said Mondale. "But do you mean it?"

Not really, as Mondale suspected. Humphrey's campaign became a hydra-headed beast, with the heads snarling at each other. "The older advisers thought we were Boy Scouts," says Harris. One operative told Mondale and Harris about bribes he wanted to pay various influential state officials. "Out, out, out!" shouted Mondale. Then a friend of Humphrey's attempted to use the campaign as a scam for personal profit. "If that man ever shows his face in this campaign again, I'll walk out," Mondale threatened the sheepish Humphrey.

"It was the new politics versus the old," Harris recalls. "Mondale and I were more in tune with the new." The battle between the campaign factions was most intensely joined over the Vietnam issue. Mondale and Harris urged Humphrey to break with Johnson on the war. Humphrey prepared a major speech calling for an unconditional bombing halt, which he showed his managers. "Don't change a word," Mondale advised. Humphrey agreed. Then, as he left the Vice President's splendid office, Mondale stopped in the doorway. "Do you have to clear a speech like that with Johnson?" he asked. "Oh, no," said Humphrey. "This is a speech I'll give as a candidate. But as a courtesy I'll tell the President." The speech was never given.

Johnson was still in charge; his power included control over every aspect of the convention in Chicago he could not physically attend because of his disgrace. Mondale and Harris had an ominous feeling that the convention would be L.B.J.'s *Götterdämmerung*, with Humphrey playing the one who was immolated. They pleaded with Humphrey to have the site changed. But they were overruled by Humphrey's cronies. Once again, at the convention, Mondale and Harris got Humphrey to support a Vietnam statement that would separate him from Johnson. But the White House fell on Humphrey, and he hastily retreated. Out in the streets, chaos and violence prevailed. Humphrey was consumed by the flames. "I didn't leave Chicago, I escaped," Mondale said.

For Mondale, the grueling Humphrey campaign had clear lessons. He did not want to repeat the mistakes the tenderhearted and weak founding father had made. "Mondale worries about a person being too open like Humphrey," says Harris. "If he shows his emotions, he feels it might get him in trouble."

IN 1972, Mondale was reelected to the Senate. At the celebration, an ebullient Humphrey prophesied that Mondale would be President. Mondale looked startled. By

1974, however, he was stumping the country, making the familiar campaign noises. Then he announced that he wouldn't run after all. Humphrey, who now saw Mondale as his extension into the next era—his political immortality—was disappointed. He made his famous remark that his heir lacked “fire in the belly.”

When Jimmy Carter named Mondale as his running mate in 1976, Humphrey was elated. Mondale got the job not by impressing Carter as a pale Humphrey, but as someone much more like Carter. Cool, calm, and dry, he prepared carefully, as usual, for his interview in Plains, even noting the similar points in his and Carter's books. Mondale combined Humphrey's constituencies and Carter's managerialism. Carter became the last in a long line of political leaders to discover in Mondale precisely the qualities he needed.

Mondale's elevation was followed swiftly back in Minnesota by the D.F.L.'s fall. With Humphrey's death in 1978, it was as if the party's magic died, too. Wendell Anderson, who won every county as gubernatorial candidate in 1974, had appointed himself Senator to fill Mondale's place—in Minnesotan eyes, an act of unseemly ambition. He was ignominiously defeated for transgressing the unwritten rules. Donald Fraser, who won the D.F.L. endorsement for the other Senate seat, was overturned in the primary by a former Humphrey friend, Robert Short, who appealed demagogically to the growing anti-abortion vote. He lost to the Republican. The governorship was lost as well. By now, Mondale's relation to the local political scene is more nostalgic than immediate. He is a favorite son, but no longer a real factor within the D.F.L.

Mondale's Presidential campaign was predicated on the idea of making everything he understood work to perfection—doing what comes naturally. The kernel of his politics was the D.F.L. model. Mondale would get the endorsements and the labor backing, and would weld together the kind of coalition that he believed was the foundation of party success. And he would campaign as an incumbent, as he always had: “I am ready to be President.” There would be no mistakes. In New Hampshire Mondale faced the voters for the first time on his own as a nonincumbent. The winner was Gary Hart, who upon entering the Senate had remarked: “We're not a bunch of little Hubert Humphreys.”

THROUGHOUT the campaign there have been eerie echoes. Humphrey had to disentangle himself from Johnson; Mondale from Carter. Humphrey had to prevail over McCarthy, who appealed to the young, independent, and moderate Republicans, like Hart. But Humphrey entered no primaries and had no need to attack his opponents. Actually, McCarthy was undermined by Robert Kennedy, whose campaign's range included the highest voters and some of the lowest. In California, in order to halt McCarthy's drive after his overwhelming victory in Oregon, Kennedy willfully distorted McCarthy's record. It was reminiscent of the hard-ball campaigning conducted by John F. Kennedy against

Humphrey in the 1960 West Virginia primary.

Mondale stopped Hart's momentum just as the Kennedys stopped Humphrey's and McCarthy's. Hart claimed the Kennedy image, but Mondale, with old Bobby Kennedy operative John Reilly close at hand, claimed the ruthless tactics. Mondale found every fissure in Hart and relentlessly broke him apart. Once again, Mondale's tactical talent was proved.

Now Mondale's micropolitics confront Reagan's macropolitics. In this contest Mondale's experience and background are insufficient for victory. “When one comes to the thematic is when one first runs for an office,” says Donald Fraser, mayor of Minneapolis. “When you're running for reelection you're less likely to do that. You're running on your record. Fritz hasn't had that first election experience. He has never been driven to that thematic necessity. He was forced to shift his posture in going after Hart, but he wasn't into a thematic approach in the whole primary campaign.”

IN RUNNING against Reagan, Mondale is inexperienced. He must show us what we haven't seen yet. For American politics is not Minnesota's writ large. The Presidential political culture more nearly resembles that of California, where candidates, even for assembly races, are sustained by images and ideology. No politician there trusts his fate to party.

Mondale, the Minnesotan, never had to struggle to establish his political philosophy. Reagan, the Californian, is a founding father in his own right. He is the foremost leader of a conservative movement that has been transformed from a sect into a ruling elite. He has undergone a personal change from a leftist into a rightist, and therefore operates on a politically self-conscious and explicit level. He always casts his position in terms of first principles, while Mondale discusses discrete policies. Reagan's free-floating politics match his economic vision of an America without rules. Mondale, for his part, still assumes the centrality of the consensus Reagan has shattered.

At the opening of the San Francisco convention, Mondale seemed mired in the sort of politics he must rise above in order to win. As he deliberated over a Vice Presidential selection, who would play Mondale to Mondale, he was barraged by a flock of competing constituencies. He ended the clamor by choosing Geraldine Ferraro. He graced her with the force that had graced him, the force of appointment. And her appointment, like his, was the outcome of an orchestrated insiders' campaign. Yet even though it was a calculated interest-group move on Mondale's part, the historic Ferraro choice carried him inexorably beyond interest-group politics, past the prosaic and predictable. The sexual politics at the center of the Democratic Party ultimately defied conventional categories. Through the power of appointment he moves into the unknown, the shadowland of hope; whether he fully appreciates it he has entered the future. Mondale's promise can now be fulfilled only by transcending the career that has brought him to this moment. □

The Sandinista propaganda war comes to the Senate.

MANIPULATING THE MISKITOS

BY JOSHUA MURAVCHIK

ON THE SAME day that *The Washington Post* reported Tip O'Neill's description of the Nicaraguan "contras" as "Marauders, murderers, and rapists," Senator Ted Kennedy presided at a forum on Capitol Hill that seemed to give substance to such accusations. But on closer examination, Kennedy's forum may have revealed more about how the Sandinistas use various witting and unwitting North American intermediaries to convey their version of Nicaragua's internecine conflict than it did about the activities of the "contras." The forum was conducted on the model of a hearing. The star witnesses came from Nicaragua. Three were Miskito Indians. One was an American priest living in Nicaragua. The three Miskitos told of a raid by a group of Miskito "contras" on Sumubila, which Kennedy variously described as the "town," "small village," or "settlement" in which these witnesses lived. They testified that the "contra" raiders shot up the town and burned down its health clinic and some other buildings. "Was there anyone shooting back at the[m]?" asked Kennedy. "No," replied the witness.

The full toll of this arbitrary violence was given by Kennedy himself, without qualification, when he introduced the panel. "A total of seven people were killed, fifteen were wounded, and thirty-nine kidnapped during the raid," he said. But it was the surviving witnesses, rather than the cold numbers, that were most moving. Mrs. Irma Coleman, her voice breaking into sobs, testified about the death of her 9-year-old son. Miss Laura Hammer, an assistant nurse told of treating the wounded. Mr. Aristites Sanchez told of the kidnapping of his 17-year-old son.

The pathos of their testimony was heightened by Kennedy's questions. He produced a photograph of Mrs. Coleman's son and asked her, "Did he speak to you [before he died]?" In addition to the photograph of the boy and of other wounded children, Kennedy produced large photographic blow-ups of the damage done to Sumubila and a list of the thirty-nine kidnappings.

This attack on unresisting civilians seemed to be a compelling illustration of Tip O'Neill's indictment. It was an attack, moreover, by Miskito guerrillas, against the very people in whose name they fought. "It would appear,"

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said Kennedy, "that the only reason for the raid was to kidnap people to go into their army."

When the Miskitos finished their testimony, Kennedy turned to the American priest, Father Alfredo Gundrum. Gundrum had been asked to testify, said Kennedy, in order to put the story of the raid on Sumubila "into some kind of perspective." "Is this an isolated instance, or do you know of other occasions when this kind of raid has taken place?" asked Kennedy. "There have been many occasions," replied Father Gundrum, later adding, "There are many other examples, almost every day."

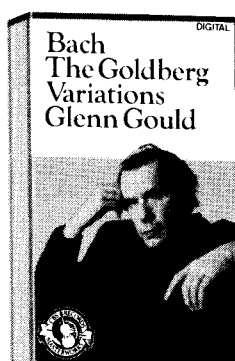
Kennedy later heard other witnesses who testified about human rights violations committed by the government of Nicaragua and by both the left and the right in El Salvador. "In structuring this forum . . . we have tried to be balanced," he said. But the other "witnesses" were not eyewitnesses. They were representatives of various organizations, ranging from the private Nicaraguan Permanent Commission on Human Rights to Americas Watch. They provided important statistics, but no drama. No victims of Sandinista violence were heard from.

The effects of "balancing" eyewitnesses against organizational spokesmen was predictable. *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and U.P.I. carried items about the forum, and Mary McGrory devoted a syndicated column to it. All were exclusively about the Sumubilans and Father Gundrum. None even mentioned the others who testified. The essential message that emerged from the forum was captured in the lead of the U.P.I. story: "Poor Miskito Indians from Nicaragua told a Congressional forum Friday that children are being murdered and kidnapped by U.S.-backed 'contra' rebels who seek to overturn the country's Marxist-led government. Their stories of tragedy and loss were confirmed by an American Catholic priest."

It was not only the news media that treated the Sumubilans' testimony as the real story of the forum. Although a full transcript of the forum was prepared, Kennedy circulated to his colleagues only those pages containing the testimony of the Sumubilans and Father Gundrum.

Mary McGrory reported that Kennedy wrote a letter after the forum to C.I.A. Director William Casey demanding assurances that the Sumubilan witnesses be safeguarded against reprisals by the "contras," whom the witnesses said they feared. The question of possible "con-

THE CLASSICS



317081

BACH

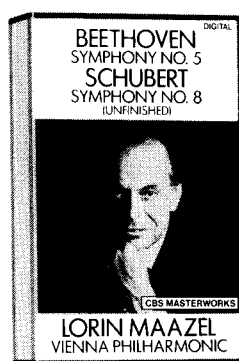
246355. Bach: The Four "Great" Toccatas and Fugues—E. Power Biggs, organ (Columbia)
171504. Switched-On-Bach—Moog versions of *Air on a G String*; *Wachet Auf*, etc.—played by Walter Carlos (Columbia)
319434. Bach: Sonatas for Viola De Gamba and Harpsichord—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Ken Cooper, harpsichord (Digital)—CBS Masterworks
307116. Bach: Toccatas, Vol. 2—exquisitely played by Glenn Gould (Columbia)

BEETHOVEN

317248. Beethoven: Piano Sonatas No. 4 & 11—Murray Perahia, pianist (CBS Masterworks)
321299. Beethoven: Piano Sonatas No. 12 & 13—Glenn Gould, pianist (CBS Masterworks)
322362. Beethoven: Piano Trios No. 1 & 3—three virtuosos: Barenboim, DuPre, Zukerman (Vox Cum Laude)
232496. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica)—Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)
312900. Beethoven: Symphonies No. 5 and 8—Mehta and the New York Phil. (CBS Masterworks)
299883. Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 (Pastoral)—Tilson Thomas, English Chamber Or. (Columbia)
252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Chorale)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orh. (Columbia)
325654-395657. Beethoven Piano Concertos No. 1 & 5 (Emperor)—Brendel, piano; Mehta and Boettcher, cond. (Counts as 2—Vox)
230425. Beethoven: Violin Concerto—Isaac Stern; Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)
322313. Beethoven: Violin Sonatas No. 5 (Spring) and No. 6—Zukerman and Barenboim (Vox Cum Laude)

BRAHMS

307884. Brahms: Double Concerto—Zukerman, violin; Harrell, cello; Mehta and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)
311639. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1—Daniel Barenboim; Zubin Mehta, New York Phil. (Columbia)
310201. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2—Daniel Barenboim; Zubin Mehta, New York Phil. (Columbia)



321570

233130. Brahms: Symphony No. 1—Ormandy, Phila. Orh. (Columbia)
312439. Brahms: Liebeslieder Walzer; Neue Liebeslieder Walzer (complete)—L.A. Vocal Arts Ensemble (Digital)—Nonesuch
293209. Brahms: Violin Concerto—Isaac Stern; Zubin Mehta conducts the New York Phil. (Columbia)

CHOPIN

246843. Chopin: Mazurkas, Etudes, etc.—Vladimir Horowitz, piano (Columbia)
306183. Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1—Murray Perahia; Zubin Mehta and NY Phil. (Columbia)
208934. Chopin: Polonaise Fantaisie; Black Key Etude; more—virtuoso Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia)

DVORAK

310524. Dvorak: Symphony No. 7—Davis, Philharmonic Orh. (Columbia)
305532. Dvorak: Symphony No. 8; Carnival Overture—Andrew Davis, Philharmonic Orh. (Columbia)
230433. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Bernstein and New York Phil. (Columbia)

GERSHWIN

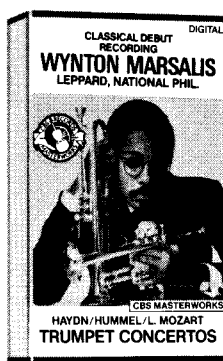
187112. Gershwin's Greatest Hits—*Rhapsody in Blue* (Bernstein, piano); *An American in Paris* (Ormandy, Phila. Orh.); *3 Preludes* (Levant, piano); many more (Columbia)
318295. Gershwin Live!—Sarah Vaughan sings *The Man I Love*, etc. Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS)
321471. Gershwin: Piano Concerto in F; An American in Paris; Rhapsody in Blue—Andre Previn and the London Symphony (Angel)

HAYDN

308072. Haydn: Cello Concertos in G & D Major—Yo-Yo Ma and the English Chamber Orh. (Columbia)
257956. Haydn: Symphonies No. 101 (Clock) and No. 103 (Drum Roll)—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

MAHLER

314369. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Maazel, Orh. Nat'l de France (CBS Masterworks)
239046-399048. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)—Bernstein with the London Symphony (Counts as 2—Columbia)
317685. Mahler: Symphony No. 4—Ameling; Previn, Pittsburgh Sym. (Angel)



321851

MOZART

294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) and **No. 17**—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Orh. (London)
305946. Mozart: Serenade No. 7 (Haffner)—Zukerman plays, conducts members of L.A. Phil. (Columbia)
318311. Mozart: Symphonies 36 (Linz) 38 (Prague)—Rampal, Mostly Mozart Orh. (CBS Masterworks)
314955. Mozart: Symphonies No. 40 & 41 (Jupiter)—Szell, Cleveland Orh. (CBS Great Performances)
313007-393009. Mozart: Violin Concertos 3, 4, 5; Sinfonia Concertante—Isaac Stern, etc. (Counts as 2—CBS Masterworks)

SCHUBERT

322487. Schubert: "Death and the Maiden"; "Quartettsatz"—Tokyo String Quartet (Digital)—Vox Cum Laude
317677. Schubert: Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished); Rosamunde Overture and Ballet Music—von Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (Angel)
321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142—Murray Perahia, piano (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

TCHAIKOVSKY

312777. Tchaikovsky: Capriccio Italian; Rimsky-Korsakoff: Capriccio Espagnol; etc.—Bernstein (CBS Great Performances)
308874. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1—Gavrilov; Kitaenko cond. Moscow Radio/TV Sym. Orh. (Col./Melodiya)
201129. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Serenade for Strings—Ormandy, Phila. Orh. (Columbia)
231563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)
245399. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 (Pathétique)—Ormandy and Phila. Orh. (Columbia)
306779. Tchaikovsky: Manfred Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas, London Sym. (Columbia)
289207-399204. Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker (complete)—American Ballet Theatre Production directed by Baryshnikov (Counts as 2—Columbia)
293191. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Meditation—Stern; Rostropovich, National Sym. (Columbia)



325365

BAROQUE

282582. Greatest Hits Of 1720. Includes Pachelbel: *Kanon*; Mouret: *Rondo (Theme "Masterpiece Theater")*; etc. Richard Kapp, Philharmonia Virtuosi of NY. (Columbia)
301010. Greatest Hits Of 1721—works by Vivaldi, Bach, Corelli, Handel, etc. Kapp and Philharmonia Virtuosi of NY. (Columbia)
323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Münchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orh. (Digital)—London
324087. Handel's Top Tunes—another great album from Richard Kapp and the Philharmonia Virtuosi of NY! *Arioso, Largo*, etc. (CBS)
293621. Pachelbel: Canon & Other Baroque Favorites—Münchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orh. (London)
309245. Tartini: Flute Concertos Nos. 1-4—Jean-Pierre Rampal; Scimone, Solisti Veneti (Columbia)
324525. An Isaac Stern Vivaldi Gala: Concertos For 2 and 3 Violins; etc. Stern, Zukerman, Perlman, others (CBS Masterworks)

MODERN

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Rampal, Bolling (Columbia)
310904. Bolling: "Toot" Suite for Trumpet & Jazz Piano—Maurice Andre; Bolling; bass and drums (CBS)
240473. Copland: Appalachian Spring (complete)—Copland and the London Symphony (Columbia)
309500. Copland: Rodeo; Billy The Kid—popular ballet scores played by Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)
191874. Debussy's Greatest Hits—*Claire de lune, Reverie*, etc. Bernstein, Ormandy, etc. (Columbia)
322826. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Michael Tilson Thomas, Philharmonia Orh. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks
319004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer—"Some of his best music to date"—Time (CBS)
316018. Glass, Philip: Glassworks—"Moving, exciting and profound!"—*The NY Times* (CBS)
201665. Grofe: Grand Canyon Suite—Ormandy, Phila. Orh. (Columbia)
218107. Holst: The Planets—Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)



321844-391847

318246. Orff: Carmina Burana—Muti, Philharmonia Orh. & Chorus (Angel)
300509. Prokofiev: Peter And The Wolf; Britten: Young Person's Guide To The Orchestra—Will Geer narrates; Somary conducts (Vanguard)
318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Thomas, L.A. Phil. (CBS Masterworks)
320564. Ravel: Concerto For Left Hand; Rapsodie Espagnole; Alborada Del Gracioso—Fleisher, piano; Comissiona, Baltimore Sym. (Digital)—Vanguard
318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe—Suite No. 2—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)
324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Dutoit, Orh. de Montreal (Digital)—London
324046. Shostakovich: Cello Concerto No. 1; Kabalevsky: Cello Conc. No. 1—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Ormandy, Philadelphia Orh. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks
281493. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring. Zubin Mehta, NY Phil. (Columbia)

ROMANTICS

305698. Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique—Maazel, Cleveland Orh. (Columbia)
283846. Bizet: Symphony in C; Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian)—Stokowski, National Sym. Orchestra (Columbia)
228684. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1 and 2; Bizet: Carmen Suites—Leonard Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)
321190. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1, 4, 6; Rakoczy March; etc.—Boskovsky, Phil. Hungarica (Angel)
321208. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 2, 3, 5; Mephisto Waltz—Willi Boskovsky, London Phil. (Angel)
305730. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); Overtures—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)
302570. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Ravel: La Valse—Mehta, New York Phil. (Columbia)
310698. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice—Maazel, Orh. National de France (Columbia)
245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos No. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Symphony (London)

308684. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 3—Andrei Gavrilov, piano; Lazarev, USSR State (Columbia-Melodiya)

318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

232116. Rossini: William Tell Overture—works by Herold, Suppe, Thomas—Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)

304667. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals; Variations on a Theme of Beethoven—Philippe Entremont, Gaby Casadesu, pianists (Columbia)

234237. Schumann: Piano Concerto; Mendelssohn: Piano Concerto No. 1—Rudolf Serkin; Ormandy, Phila. Orh. (Columbia)

318824. Schumann: Symphony No. 4; Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4—Tennstedt, Berlin Phil. (Digital)—Angel

225888. Smetana: Moldau, Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; Dvorak: Carnival Overture—Bernstein, NY Phil. (Columbia)

310870-390872. Johann Strauss' Greatest Waltzes—Ormandy, Szell, Bernstein (Counts as 2—Columbia)

320424. Richard Strauss: Ein Heldenleben—Dietrich, violin; Mehta, NY Phil. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

202796. Richard Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra—Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

321216. Verdi: Overtures—*La Battaglia Di Legnana, Nabucco*, etc. Muti, New Philharmonia Orh. (Angel)

323733. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Ride of the Valkyries, etc. Mehta and New York Phil. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

212563. Wagner: Overtures—*Die Meistersinger, Tristan and Isolde*, etc.—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

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322354. Liona Boyd—Virtuoso. Works by Torroba, Villa-Lobos, Berkeley, etc. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

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280610. Jean-Pierre Rampal Greatest Hits—Debussy's *Girl With The Flaxen Hair*; Handel's *Largo*, etc. (Columbia)

300285. Jean-Pierre Rampal Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 *Greensleeves*, works by Bach, etc. (Columbia)

319582. Jean-Pierre Rampal Plays Scott Joplin. *The Entertainer*, etc. (CBS)

311647. Isaac Stern 60th Anniversary Celebration—master violinist is joined by Zukerman, Perlman, Vlehta, etc. (Columbia)

309237. Daniel Varsano—Enik Satie Piano Music. *Gymnopédies, Sonatine Burlesque*, etc. (Columbia)

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273409

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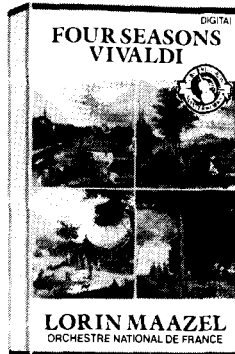
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311720. Luciano Pavarotti Premieres Verdi Arias—"Lost" gems from *I Vespri Siciliani*, etc. (Columbia)

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tra" reprisals pointed to another question, not mentioned by McGrory or Kennedy: Could these witnesses have been subject to intimidation or manipulation by the Nicaraguan government? For, as it turns out, Sumubila is not a "small town" or "village" in any normal sense. It is one of the camps in which Miskitos have been forcibly resettled by the Nicaraguan government.

That there is in fact reason to wonder about the testimony was brought home sharply, though no doubt inadvertently, in Mary McGrory's column. "In a subsequent interview, they [the three Sumubilan witnesses] said they had not heard of Miskitos being persecuted by the Sandinistas," she wrote. These three witnesses were among the Miskitos expelled from their ancestral homes along the Rio Coco. According to the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, all but children, the elderly, and pregnant women were compelled to travel by foot for days to the camps where they were placed. The Sandinista government, said the I.A.C.H.R., "explicitly acknowledged that Government agents proceeded to burn down houses, the personal belongings, furniture, and other possessions of these families, and slaughtered their animals and set fire to their churches and crop fields, in order to leave no shelter or food for the armed insurgent groups that operate in the zone." In reply to Miskito charges of violence and brutality, the government also acknowledged that "it was quite possible that in the course of the evacuation some excesses had been committed by the authorities charged with carrying it out, but that they had been exaggerated by the international campaign to denigrate the Government of Nicaragua." The result, said the I.A.C.H.R., was "the exodus of half of the Miskito population from the Coco River region to Honduras." Kennedy's witnesses had been a part of all of this, and yet they had never heard of Sandinista persecution of the Miskitos?

A second reason to wonder about the story that emerged from the forum is the peculiar history of the word "kidnap" in the war between the Nicaraguan government and the Miskito resistance. On more than one occasion, the rebels have raided camps like Sumubila in order, as they put it, to "liberate" the population and to escort it to refuge in Honduras. The Nicaraguan government has described these incidents as "kidnappings." It is hard for outsiders to know whom to believe, but in the one such incident that was widely followed by the Western press, the exodus was more accurately described as a liberation than a kidnapping. The incident was publicized last December because of the presence of American-born Roman Catholic Bishop Salvator Schlaefter. The Nicaraguan government announced that Schlaefter had been kidnapped and then murdered by the rebels. When he and his caravan of hundreds of Miskitos arrived safely in Honduras, it was revealed that the group had been aided in its flight by the "contras," and, according to Schlaefter, that it had been bombed and strafed by government forces.

SUCH A "liberation" was precisely the purpose of the raid on Sumubila, according to Misura, which claims

responsibility for it. Misura, the larger of two groups of Miskitos that have taken up arms against the Sandinistas, is affiliated with the F.D.N., the Honduran-based rebels who receive backing from the C.I.A. Misura's version of the events in Sumubila was described to me by Bernard Nietschmann, a professor of geography at the University of California at Berkeley and a specialist on the Nicaraguan Indians, who interviewed Misura leaders about the raid. There was, Nietschmann quotes them as saying, "hard fighting" at Sumubila between the raiders and a defense force, with the raiders eventually being driven off when government reinforcements arrived from a nearby garrison. Misura denies that its men attacked civilians or kidnapped anyone, and says that those who left with them went voluntarily. Misura says that four people died in the town, of whom two were defenders and two were innocent civilians caught in the exchange. Misura acknowledges that the two civilians died from a rocket-powered grenade fired by one of its men contrary to orders, and claims that the commander of the raid was reprimanded.

Ironically, a story that appeared in *Barricada*, the official Sandinista newspaper, on the day after the raid occurred bears closer resemblance to Misura's account than it does to that presented at the forum. The headline read, RECHAZADO BRUTAL ATAQUE A SUMUBILA, meaning "Brutal Attack on Sumubila Repulsed." According to *Barricada*, the attack by "three hundred *mercenarios*" was repulsed by a combined force of seventy defenders made up of policemen, self-defense forces, and militia ("*combatientes*"). There were four deaths, of whom one was a policeman. Another defender was seriously wounded. By repulsing the raid, said *Barricada*, the defenders had frustrated the plans of the attackers to carry out a mass kidnapping of the Miskito residents ("*un secuestro masivo de Miskitos*").

THESE QUESTIONS about the credibility of the witnesses brought to Washington by Kennedy (who paid for their travel and other expenses out of funds from his political action committee) make one wonder how Kennedy found them. According to Kennedy's aide, Greg Craig, charges that the "contras" were perpetrating atrocities caught Kennedy's attention during a Senate floor debate on Nicaragua. Craig was assigned to find witnesses who could testify about these allegations.

Craig says he avoided going to the Nicaraguan government to find such witnesses because the material about "contra" atrocities disseminated by the Nicaraguan Embassy in Washington is propagandistic and lacks credibility. Instead, Craig spoke to Michael Ratner, a lawyer who was on his way to Nicaragua in connection with a suit against the U.S. government for its support of the "contras." Craig asked Ratner for help in locating some suitable witnesses.

Ratner, a recent past president of the National Lawyers Guild, works for the Center for Constitutional Rights, a group led by such activist lawyers as William Kunstler, Arthur Kinoy, and Peter Weiss, president of the Institute

for Policy Studies. A purpose of the suit, according to the Center's brochure, is to "serve as an educational and organizing tool" regarding U.S. policy toward Nicaragua, which has "a pluralistic, participatory government" that is "passionately committed to a humane revolution."

Craig viewed Ratner simply as someone who shared his antipathy toward Reagan's policy of aiding the "contras." But in fact, Ratner's views, which were spelled out in an article in the *Guardian* of September 14, 1983, went well beyond that. In the article, Ratner took issue with a previous *Guardian* article that had called for the creation of a broad movement in opposition to U.S. intervention in Central America. An "anti-intervention" movement was in itself insufficient, argued Ratner; "we need strong solidarity movements" with Central America's revolutions. "We cannot simply oppose intervention in El Salvador, because success of the revolution in El Salvador is dependent on a strong Nicaragua and a changed perception in the U.S. to Cuba," he wrote.

CRAIG SAYS that in his search for witnesses he also contacted Peggy Healy, the leader of the Maryknoll Sisters in Nicaragua; a former Kennedy staff member who was passing through Nicaragua on other business; and Bob Stark, a North American on the staff of the Instituto Historico Centroamericano in Managua. This institute is strongly allied with the Sandinista government, and some of its activities have the character more of propaganda than of scholarship. For example, during a Sandinista campaign against Nicaragua's evangelicals, which climaxed mid-1982 in the seizure of numerous evangelical churches by Sandinista militants, the Institute published a crudely abusive comic book with drawings portraying the evangelicals as puppets of Uncle Sam.

According to Ratner, when he reached Nicaragua he contacted Stark and the Nicaraguan Ministry of Justice and a Miskito Nicaraguan health official named Myrna Cunningham, and asked for their help in finding witnesses for Kennedy. Ratner says he was directed by Stark to a private home in Managua, where he found twelve people assembled, all of them identifying themselves as victims of abuse by the "contras." Ratner interviewed the twelve and selected several, including the three Sumubilans—Coleman, Hammer, and Sanchez—as the most credible. Ratner then introduced the witnesses to the former Kennedy staff member, who concurred with Ratner's choices.

Ratner says he does not know how these people got to Managua, which is at the opposite end of Nicaragua from Sumubila (poor Miskitos have neither the ready means nor the legal freedom to make the trip), but that "I presume the government was involved in helping them to get to Managua." When the hearing was arranged, Kennedy's office paid for one of Ratner's co-workers to fetch the Sumubilans from Nicaragua and to serve as their chaperone and translator for their trip to Washington.

Father Gundrum, Craig recalls, was located not through Michael Ratner but through Bob Stark and Peggy Healy.

Craig says that he wanted an ordinary parish priest, not one of the highly political North American clergymen who can be found in Nicaragua. Gundrum, as well as the Sumubilans, was described in the background material distributed by Kennedy's office at the forum as "totally a-political." Craig was not aware of a feature story on Gundrum that had appeared in the *San Francisco Sunday Examiner and Chronicle* on April 22, just a month before the forum. The story, titled PRIEST CARRIES CROSS AND RIFLE, quoted Gundrum as saying: "To me it was a day of grace the day the Sandinistas took over, and I really mean it," and pictured him standing before his church in Ciudad Sandino, Soviet-made rifle in hand, ready to combat the "contras."

Craig also says that the photographs of Sumubila and its wounded, and the list of kidnappees, were supplied by the government of Nicaragua, although no hint of the source was given at the forum.

Given the startling disparity between the way Gundrum presented himself at the forum and the way he appeared in Ciudad Sandino; given the implausibility of Mary McGrory's report that the Sumubilans had never heard of Sandinista persecution of Miskitos; given the inconsistencies between the witnesses' story and the account in *Barricada* and some inconsistencies among the witnesses (Mr. Sanchez testified, for example, that his son had escaped from the kidnappers and was recuperating at the very same health center that Miss Hammer said had been burned down); and given the heavy hand, unrevealed at the hearing, of the Nicaraguan government in supplying witnesses and props, it seems fair to conclude that the version of events that emerged at Kennedy's forum is of doubtful accuracy. One thing seems certain: a tragic loss of life occurred at Sumubila. But beyond that, the story presented at the forum is perhaps best viewed as another offensive in the propaganda war between the Sandinista government—working this time through a famous liberal Senator—and the Reagan Administration.

THE SANDINISTAS are indeed hardworking propagandists. Part of their success, no doubt, is due to a rather substantial circle of North Americans—including clergymen and lawyers—who much admire the "New Nicaragua" and are eager to lend their considerable skills to its defense. But Senator Kennedy is no admirer of the Sandinistas. Why should he have lent himself so uncritically to this propaganda exercise? The answer seems to be that in his eagerness to make the case against aid to the rebels, he acted with less than ordinary care. Surely the question of U.S. aid to the rebels is one about which people of good will, with no other interests at heart than the well-being of Nicaragua and the United States, may disagree. Of course it is possible that the "contras" are guilty of some crimes. But to portray them as a mere gang of thugs, and to do so on evidence supplied or engineered by the Sandinistas, is to be party to a vilification that has no rightful place in the debate over U.S. policy. □

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

A Civil War

Another adaptation of a celebrated novel. Obviously the idea of filming *The Bostonians* seemed particularly bright because of Henry James's theme, but there is no hand-rubbing cleverness in the result. At the last, success—meaning approximate re-creation of the novel's depths and reverberances—eludes the film, but a good deal of perception, taste, and skill have gone into it.

The Bostonians
(Almi Pictures)

The screenplay is by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, herself a noted novelist, who has been working with this producer and this director, Ismail Merchant and James Ivory, since 1961. I don't see how anyone could have done better than Jhabvala, but she came up against two different kinds of stone walls: transmuting to film the book's visible drama and transmuting that drama's subtext.

Those who know the book, or who have at least read Josephine Hendin's enlightening essay in this journal two weeks ago, will recall that the novel deals centrally with the struggle between Olive Chancellor, a wealthy Boston feminist, and Basil Ransom, a Mississippian practicing law in New York, for the love and loyalty of an attractive young woman, Verena Tarrant. Verena is drawn to Olive's cause and becomes an evangelist for it; then, without losing her faith, she is strongly drawn to Basil who wants her for a quite conventional life as his wife. Hendin observes that the novel can be seen as "a satiric replay of the Civil War on the battlefields of sex"—old Southern chivalric attitudes pitted against Northern progressivism (though, of course, these views were not confined to South and North). In the novel this visible struggle is enveloped in a texture of reaction and reflection. In the film, most of the texture had to be stripped away, so the effect is

one of leaping from point to point of action. Eventually the picture becomes a succession of scenes in which Verena is embraced by Olive, then by Basil; renounces the institution of marriage to Olive, then melts in Basil's arms—a series of flip-flops rather than an agon.

Even more difficult to handle on film is the subtext, the invisible drama, which James couldn't make explicit: the basic struggle in Verena, conscious or not, between homosexuality and heterosexuality. James never suggests that feminism arbitrarily entails lesbianism. Olive—specifically Olive, not just any feminist—is emotionally drawn to Verena, and the younger woman responds. Basil senses this attraction and, we infer, thinks of himself as rescuing Verena not only from abnormal ideas but abnormal life. (James, however, warns us in his closing line that Verena's tears as she goes off to marry Basil are not the last she will shed.) The reader of the novel can perceive and be moved by the psychosexual struggle that had to be kept implicit in a novel written a century ago. Jhabvala could not possibly have made it explicit without vulgarizing James; only in one brief, highly agitated scene does Olive quickly caress Verena's body. But Jhabvala must have understood the unavoidable difficulty here: today's audience, viewing a work done today, is at least as conscious of the restraint being exercised by the filmmakers as of the matters that are being restrained.

This leads to the uncomfortable subject of Verena herself. I cannot think that she is one of James's better characterizations. Hendin says rightly that Verena is the only character who changes in the course of *The Bostonians*, and metamorphosis is one of the classic hallmarks of drama. But in my view Verena changes more because she is author-malleable than because she is, so to speak, inner-directed. She is more a composite of attributes—which

change—than a creation. James wanted to explore the social-intellectual phenomenon of the public speaker in his day, and this interest coincided neatly with the subject of feminism. He makes Verena a smashing platform success on that subject, and he makes her the daughter of a public speaker to account for her affinity with the field. But her father is a charlatan; and her mother is a vulgarian. James never adequately explains the difference in character and breeding between daughter and parents.

More, this young woman who is so commanding in public is limp and ductile in private. Acknowledging that public and private selves are not necessarily identical, we can usually still see some connection, can believe the difference when it occurs. In Verena's case, her power on the platform is something we simply have to take on James's assurance because he and we need it for the story.

And, grimly enough, the film's greatest mistake is in the casting of Verena. A newcomer, Madeleine Potter, rudely underscores the doubts I have noted. She is not able to bolster the character in personality or talent or physical appeal. Her screen debut is worse than unimpressive, it

FILMS WORTH SEEING

After the Rehearsal. A master theater-and-film director, Ingmar Bergman, reflects, on film, about the theater. Breathtakingly skillful, deeply absorbing. (Reviewed 6/25/84)

Another Country. First-class acting and production, pungent dialogue, but inadequate resolution in this English public school "explanation" of Burgess-McLean types. (7/9/84)

The Natural. Bernard Malamud's baseball novel drastically adapted for Robert Redford's use, but he really uses it. (6/11/84)

Under the Volcano. Justified by Albert Finney's magnificent performance and Jacqueline Bisset's winning one, more than by full capture of Malcolm Lowry's darkness. (6/18/84)

SK

damages the whole enterprise.

This miscasting is cruelly emphasized by the casting of Vanessa Redgrave as Olive. The simplest, truest statement to be made about Redgrave is that she is a great artist and a great beauty. As Olive, she is somewhat stronger and older than James's description, but she understands and creates the woman so completely that, in a sense, she overpowers James; from now on, Olive will be Redgrave for me. And to juxtapose this Olive with this Verena was unjust to both actresses. It makes Potter's inadequacies more vivid, and it gives Redgrave the added burden of making us believe her instant captivation by this young woman and her continuing devotion.

Christopher Reeve, hardly supple as Basil, is at least better than expected. With his columnar neck—almost as big around as Potter's waist—and his gigantic chest, he demonstrates his costumes rather than wearing them. It's difficult to understand how the Confederacy lost the war with him in its army. Still, Reeve has sufficient intelligence, if not talent, to sketch Basil for us.

Jessica Tandy, looking more and more like ivory, is Miss Birdseye and is lovely, but the role illustrates one more difference between novel and film. James uses Miss Birdseye as a symbol of the continuity of New England egalitarianism and spunk; her presence is in itself a source of strength to her friends. But presence is not enough in a film—anyway, a film of a drama. Here Miss Birdseye is a character without motion or motive. In the book she fulfills her function; in the film she never begins to function. The difference between the forms converts living history into living décor.

The diminutive Linda Hunt is Mary Prance, the "doctress" (James's word); Hunt's dignity and wit make her company a pleasure once again. Nancy Marchand, as Mrs. Burrage, the wealthy mother of one of Verena's suitors, plays her social cards shrewdly.

The confrontation between Marchand and Redgrave highlights the fine work of the costume designers, Jenny Beavan and John Bright. Compliments on costumes in period pictures are almost routine because such work is frequently good, but here it is even better—not just beautiful but apt. Note, in the scene cited, Redgrave's clean-lined linen jacket, vaguely masculine, and Mar-

chand's ornate, fitted dress, with its wide lace collar emphasizing the maternal.

Walter Lassally, the veteran cinematographer who has long worked with Merchant and Ivory, has apparently profited by studying Thomas Eakins. Every frame of the film is exquisite with (as it seems) the light of 1875. Richard Robbins wrote the score with the collaboration of Wagner and Brahms.

The director, James Ivory, is serious and respectable. After that dreadful remark, I add that, without any great natural gift for directing—a gift that can be found in much less respectable directors—he applies and applies himself to the mysteries of making life on the screen, often with difficult material,

and sometimes he succeeds. Not in much of *The Bostonians*. Except for occasional strong moments, most of them Redgrave's, Ivory, aided by Jhabvala and handicapped by Potter, has made a respectable film but not really a free-standing one.

Is this film any use, then? Yes, possibly: much more so, at least, than the Merchant-Ivory film of *The Europeans*. For those who haven't read *The Bostonians*, or haven't read it lately, this film can serve as an overture, much like an overture to an opera. A lot of the themes are stated, the atmosphere is signaled. Then the curtain rises (the book opens). But unlike some operatic preludes, this overture cannot stand alone.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Painless Dentistry

I had the unusual opportunity to read David Rabe's new play, *Hurly Burly*, in typescript before I saw the production. It was then called *Spinoff* and so powerfully written that I sent a letter to the playwright, whom I had never met, congratulating him on his achievement. I had not been kind toward some of Mr. Rabe's previous work, characterizing it as formally linear, thematically manipulative, morally self-righteous—smug mechanisms for producing guilt. This new play was either a major departure for Rabe or I had been wrong in my previous assessment. Either way, I felt obliged to write an apology, hoping thereby to encourage the playwright in what was bound to be a difficult progress toward the stage.

Doubtless, he needed more than my encouragement. Mike Nichols's production of *Hurly Burly* at the Promenade reminds me of the original production of Tennessee Williams's *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof* insofar as, like Elia Kazan, he has managed to give his playwright a hit only by altering the tone of his play. I don't mean to suggest that Nichols's treatment of Rabe's material is cheap or meretricious. Actually, few contemporary directors could have directed his actors with more skill. But in trying to make the work viable for the stage, Ni-

chols has inadvertently managed to remove much of its impact and most of its meaning.

The text of *Hurly Burly* is 152 typewritten pages, which makes it as long as a late play by O'Neill, and equally repetitive. Like O'Neill's, however, Rabe's repetitions have a purpose, if only to expose the audience to the same ordeal as the characters. Structurally, they form a centripetal pattern, bringing us closer and closer in diminishing circles to an explosion at the center. In cutting this lengthy four-hour work to manageable length, Nichols has spared the audience's buns but left us wondering just what in hell the evening is all about.

What the play is about, I believe, is how the disintegration of American values has created a sense of anomie and a pronounced loss of purpose. Rabe's metaphor for this is cocaine, which functions in *Hurly Burly* much like the "leads" do in *Glen Garry Glenn Ross*, a play to which it bears a stylistic resemblance. Like O'Neill, who achieved greatness only when he adopted an unadorned Ibsenian realism, Rabe's style is now informed by the implicit *verismo* of David Mamet rather than the tendentious exhortations of Arthur Miller.

Hurly Burly takes place in the Holly-

wood Hills home of two casting agents, Eddie (William Hurt) and Mickey (Christopher Walken). Both are divorced, and their house is a center of casual sexual encounters and male friendships. Chief among the visitors is Phil (Harvey Keitel), a second-rate itinerant TV actor with a psychotic streak whom Eddie has virtually adopted. Women—including a post-pubescent hippie (Cynthia Nixon), a balloon dancer (Judith Ivey), and a photojournalist (Sigourney Weaver)—wander briefly through their lives, but these are not males with a capacity for abiding relationships; their strongest connections are with other men.

Or, more accurately, with drugs. From the very first moment of the play, which starts in early morning, everybody is "getting ripped" through a wide variety of orifices on a wide variety of narcotics, among them cocaine, marijuana, mushrooms, and Quaaludes. These "pharmaceutical experiments," as Eddie calls them, impart to the atmosphere an eerie zonked air of disengagement. People converse, but in a stream of meaningless talk, a species of underwater conversation, about broken marriages, sexual betrayals, blighted careers. Artie (Jerry Stiller), a middle-aged Jewish screenwriter, brings in Donna, the underaged hippie, for a gang bang; Eddie tries to break through the jargon of his photographer girlfriend ("I mean, I mean, you know, weird, weird, weird") to get her body arranged on the couch. The language of

the play grows ritualistic—repetitions of "blah-blah-blah" and "rapateeta" become a form of incantation.

THE only plot concerns Phil, whose behavior grows increasingly erratic as the drug fog closes in ("Phil has got violent karma," says Eddie, "that's all, it's in the cards"). He has beaten up his estranged wife; he has mauled a stranger just for looking at him; teaching Donna to play football (a scene cut from the production), he butts her in the head. When he takes the balloon dancer out for a quickie, he throws her out of her own car. Eddie's affection for Phil is inexplicable; perhaps, as Artie says, it is because Phil is "safe"—"no matter how far you manage to fall, Phil will be lower." Whatever the case, Eddie excuses every instance of his friend's inexcusable behavior until, in the second act climax, he turns on him, brutally destroying Phil's already shaky belief in his acting "potential" ("They just use you to make the bullshit look legitimate").

Eddie quickly reconciles himself with Phil, but in the final act his doomed friend fulfills his inevitable destiny by killing himself in a car crash. Eddie, wiped out by guilt and drugs, feeling somehow responsible, begins analyzing Phil's suicide note for anagrammatic messages. He is trying to establish coherent causal connections between his own state of mind and the state of the world, but whenever he comes up with reasons, Mickey ridicules him ("Eddie, it's a rough century all around. . . . It's not the times that are dark, it's you"). Still, Eddie's bitter reflections on television brainwashing, the neutron bomb, and the Nestlé formula milk invasion of Africa are apparently intended as serious social indictments (they are the only remaining traces of Rabe's former accusatory style and uncharacteristically explicit). At the end, Eddie is blowing coke in front of his television set, talking back to Johnny Carson, and blatantly confessing himself to the bubble-headed Donna.

Mike Nichols has excavated all the humor available in the text, and added a considerable degree of satire, but in providing so much laughing gas, he has anaesthetized the toothache. Under his direction, the all-star cast sniffs out the jokes like truffles, but I don't think Rabe conceived *Hurly Burly* as such a madcap romp, nor were the three women originally intended to be such Ni-

chols and May caricatures. Misses Nixon, Ivey, and Weaver fulfill their assigned tasks gallantly, but their characters are so lacking in human dimension (Miss Nixon, in particular, has been reduced to a set of physical and vocal flower-child clichés) that one ends up feeling it is the playwright, rather than his male figures, who has no understanding of women. Christopher Walken, brilliant as the cynical Mickey, dances effortlessly through the role with assumed accents, ironic twists, and an irresistible charm, and Harvey Keitel's Phil is a delayed action fuse of surface calm and repressed fury. But William Hurt, very credible while playing Eddie's drugged stupefaction, substitutes (at least on the night I saw him) whines and whimpers for Eddie's lacerating self-disgust, without which his coldness and cruelty are simply inexplicable.

AS A RESULT, Eddie seems indistinguishable from the character Hurt played in *The Big Chill*—a deadened survivor thrashing about for meaning—and this makes the playwright seem to be thrashing about as well. But Rabe has conceived Eddie as fully in his bitter elegiac desperation as any character since O'Neill's James Tyrone Jr. in *A Long Day's Journey Into Night*. The young Jason Robards, as a matter of fact, would have been ideal for this role, though Christopher Walken could play it equally well today, since he is clearly one of a few contemporary American actors unafraid to explore the dangerous swamps of his own soul. Hurt's failure is only partial. Along with Nichols's evisceration of text and adjustments of tone, however, it works to subvert theme, purpose, and relationships, leaving us with an entertaining but ultimately hollow comedy-drama of male bonding, populated with goofy Hollywood taints.

I think Rabe intended something a great deal deeper than that. Besides displaying a dazzling new technique—not just a flawless command of dialogue, but an improved understanding of the nuances of human conflict—he has documented a chronicle of post-Vietnam War American life as pieced together from the shards of our shattered beliefs. Probing the social-metaphysical secrets revealed to only the most visionary playwrights, he has correctly seen that the plague of cocaine, which has infected virtually the entire entertainment in-

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dustry, is less a disease than a symptom of a much larger malaise that is infecting virtually the entire country, thus giving us insights into our fall from grace, if not into our capacity for redemption. Not much of this is now evident on the stage of the Promenade Theater, where *Hurly Burly* remains a

dramatic masterpiece in search of a faithful uncut production and an audience less eager to gape at Hollywood stars. But just to see it produced in the same year that featured *Glen Garry Glen Ross* suggests that 1984 may very well go down in theater history as a watershed of American playwriting.

political, or religious. One has to believe that all such differences are no more than misunderstandings.

Many forms of etiquette are employed exactly to disguise the antipathies that arise from irreconcilable differences, in order to prevent mayhem. Thus, the charge is often made against etiquette that it is artificial. Indeed, it is. Civilization is artificial. When people extoll the virtues of naturalness, honesty, informality, intimacy, and creativity—watch out. They are about to insult you to your face.

The idea that people can behave “naturally,” without resorting to an artificial code tacitly agreed upon by their own society, is as silly as the idea that they can communicate by a spoken language without commonly accepted semantic and grammatical rules. Like language, a code of manners can be used with more or with less skill, for laudable or for evil purposes, to express a great variety of ideas and emotions. Like language, manners continually undergo slow changes and adaptations, but these changes have to be global, not atomic. For if everyone improvises his own manners, no one will understand the meaning of anyone else’s behavior, and the result will be social chaos, or about what we have now.

ORDINARILY, etiquette, like language, is learned by children imitating their elders, with the difference that parents occasionally have to assist the imitative efforts by saying, “Stop that! That’s disgusting!” The transmission from generation to generation occurs nonreflectively, so that the corpus of traditional etiquette is tacitly conserved. But at certain times and under certain conditions, people deliberately fool with the system—for philosophical or aesthetic reasons (Classical Greece and the Renaissance were times of great interest in etiquette, for instance) or to re-define, because of upheaval or uncertainty, who is in now and who is out. The best way to play In and Out is to keep devising new rules of etiquette so that only the nimble can keep up, as was done at the court of Louis XIV.

British Victorian manners were notoriously complicated for a similar reason: A threatened aristocracy was trying to fight off the inevitable rise of newly rich industrialists. (Money is never mentioned in a properly fought social war; the polite way of saying you cannot stand new people, still in use today

Minding manners in a democracy.

THE PURSUIT OF POLITENESS

BY JUDITH MARTIN

THE PROBLEM that baffled Thomas Jefferson was an etiquette problem. It was, and remains, the great American etiquette problem: how to adapt European systems of etiquette, based on court life and hereditary social classes, to a democracy. A number of other American etiquetteers have struggled with this mighty problem as well—Benjamin Franklin, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Eleanor Roosevelt. How is it possible to express equality, individual freedom, social mobility, and the dignity of labor in the hierarchical language of polite social behavior? What is democratic etiquette? How may it be invented?

In do-your-own-thing America, there is no longer much distinction between etiquette, the codified rules of behavior, and manners, the social premises from which they are derived. There is a distinction, however, which must be preserved. Manners, which pertain to the outer person, must not be confused with morals. Those who deal in both, such as Cotton Mather and his friend God, do not always make that distinction clear. Religions tend to put regulations about eating, dress, and washing in the same category as areas for sinning that promise more fun. Acts forbidden by law in Puritan America included making nasty faces, jeering

at people (or leering at them, depending on how attractive one found them), flirting, swearing, gossiping, and finger-sticking.

The failure to distinguish between manners and morals suggests, erroneously, that acceptable social behavior follows effortlessly from personal virtue. All you need is a good heart, and the rest will take care of itself. You don’t have to write thank-you letters. I think, to the contrary, that it is safer to hope that practicing proper behavior eventually encourages virtuous feeling; that if you write enough thank-you letters, you may actually feel a flicker of gratitude. At the very least, good manners can put a decent cover over ugly feelings. Charming villains have always had a decided social advantage over crass people who mean well.

The belief that natural behavior is beautiful and that civilization and its manners spoil the essential goodness inherent in all of us noble savages is, of course, the Jean-Jacques Rousseau school of etiquette. A major influence in Jefferson’s time, Rousseau’s philosophy survives in the pop-psychology and “human potential” movements of today (the concept that civilization is corrupt and nature is benign is particularly popular in earthquake- and flood-ridden California) and in the child-rearing philosophy that has given us so many little—savages. The natural approach to human relations presumes that to know any person well enough is to love him, that the only human problem is a communication problem. This denies that people might be separated by basic, deeply held, and genuinely irreconcilable differences—philosophical,

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among people who do not like those whom their children are marrying, is "Those people simply do not know how to behave.") Meanwhile, the nouveaux riches were putting their money into new types of forks with which to fend off their former neighbors and friends. But in the end—as we know from Victorian novels—aristocrats and parvenus, after much crossing of forks, got together and lived happily ever after on his title and her money.

(The fork, by the way, has a venerable history as a weapon in class warfare. The earliest example I have come across was St. Peter Damian moralizing, in 1005, on the death of the young dogaressa of Venice. She had had the plague, and a great percentage of the population also died of the plague, but he attributed this young woman's death to God's retribution against her uppitiness, as demonstrated by the fact that she ate with a fork. She also took an occasional bath in fresh water. No wonder God struck her down. The idea that good table manners indicate a lack of humility is still with us; to this day a great many people brag about not knowing which fork to use.)

INVENTING a whole new system of etiquette, however, is bound to create certain problems. Etiquette is folk custom, and people have emotional ties to the forms of their youth. That is one reason why there is such hostility between generations in times of rapid change; their manners being different, each feels affronted by the other. Another obstacle to implementing wholesale changes in manners is that the changes cannot be the least bit subtle or complicated, because everything has to be learned instantly, not gradually assimilated during childhood. That would seem to be fine with Americans, as—following Jefferson's example—we value simplicity of style as suitable to an unpretentious country. But this leads to an avoidance of the indirect, which removes the very ambiguity that often saves us from fully understanding one another, and thus from scorn and ridicule.

Finally, the trouble with inventing etiquette forms is that it is a game everybody can play. Each person not only claims the right to design his own etiquette, but also to be insulted if others do not observe it, even if he has not troubled to acquaint them with his preferences. Consider forms of address. In present-day America, there is no con-

sensus on usage of titles and names. One man is insulted to be addressed by his first name, when it implies intimacy that he does not want; another is insulted to be addressed by title and surname, because he says it makes him seem too old for intimacy. One woman complains that calling her Mrs. with her husband's name insults her by implying she is his property; another is insulted to be addressed any other way because, she announces, she is proud of being his wife. And listening to the rationales for everyone's tiniest acts has certainly added to the boredom of modern life.

Similarly, it has never been easier to insult people inadvertently. A gentleman opens a door for a lady because his mother taught him that ladies appreciate such courtesies, but this one turns around and spits in his eye because he has insulted her womanhood. A young lady offers her seat in a crowded bus to an elderly, frail gentleman, and he gives her a filthy look, because she has insulted his manhood. Moreover, it has never been harder to insult people intentionally. If you say, "You are horrid and I hate you," people reply, "Oh, you're feeling hostile; I'll wait until you feel better." The idea that explaining motivation justifies any violation is perhaps essential in a world of flying insults, where the all-purpose psychiatric excuse, "I'm depressed," is considered to absolve one of any obligation or responsibility.

This lack of standardization in American manners results in an anger-ridden, chaotic society, where each trivial act is interpreted as a revelation of the moral philosophy of the individual actor, who is left standing there naked in his mores.

THOMAS Jefferson certainly did not mean to make such a mess with his forays into etiquette. He was only trying to codify his social ideals. Given his belief that there was a need to invent democratic etiquette and protocol, what should it be like? There was little precedent to go on. The abolition of *ancien régime* etiquette by French revolutionaries was all very well, but nobody wants to have to watch a bunch of revolutionaries eating dinner.

Jefferson's solution was to abolish rank entirely. He called it Pell-Mell etiquette. When he was in the White House, even foreign diplomats representing undemocratic countries were stripped of their personal and profes-

sional ranks. "When brought together in society," Jefferson wrote in a directive to his cabinet, probably the least edifying document he left a grateful nation, "all are perfectly equal, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office." Nowadays, he might have worn a tag: "Hello! My name is Tom. What's yours?" A nobleman, representing his country in an exalted position—probably sent abroad because he was disgracing his family at home, a personnel policy that used to make diplomatic social life so interesting—would be treated exactly the same as the flunky sent to clean up after him. The one success of Jefferson's novel system of democratic etiquette was that it gave everyone equal offense. He was forced to modify it, and President Madison abolished it. But although he made such a mess, Jefferson (who, by the way, was as susceptible as the next Virginia gentleman to the charm of polished French manners) had addressed a very important question.

MY MISGIVINGS about the invention of new manners notwithstanding, I certainly agree with the Jeffersonian premise of universal human dignity, and am frightfully upset when snobbery makes a democratic people ape aristocratic forms. I had to grab for my smelling salts when an American Chief of Protocol curtsied to British royalty—we fought a war over that point, and we won. I have no patience with those who claim that they eat European style because "it's more efficient"; if there is one thing our doctors agree on, it is that we should eat less efficiently, not more. What is more, the American style of switching the fork from left hand to right was the older European style that came here and stayed, while the fast-food approach developed over there.

Still, despite the nobility of Jefferson's ideal, the notion that we are above petty symbols of rank is unfortunately not true. Our leaders may use limousine service, private office dining rooms, and the like, only to save valuable time, but that does not explain why President Reagan gives out gold and navy-blue enameled cuff links to his close associates—in two grades of enamel. (Everybody in the Administration has learned to distinguish the two grades at a glance, and the flashing of cuffs at state functions is astounding.) Nevertheless, the Jeffersonian system

of protocol after all these years is creeping back into international usage. Foreign countries where forms of royalty and nobility are no longer as appropriate as they used to be also need modern forms to demonstrate their ideologies. The ill-fitting double-breasted suit, for example, is thought to symbolize deep commitment to the egalitarian precepts of Marxism-Leninism. This symbolism does not always work. When world leaders call each other "Ronnie" and "Maggie" and kiss hello, they are, whether they realize it or not, using the traditional forms of reigning royalty, who, possibly because they were more times related than was good for their health, identified more with one another than with their subjects. (The correct written address among royalty, even if the correspondents are not of the same race, much less the same family, is "*Madame ma soeur*," and "*Monsieur mon frère*.")

The Jeffersonian system of non-hierarchical etiquette is now even more widely practiced in the society at large. The nearly universal use of first names and other features of the model of instant-intimacy have all but erased such de facto distinctions as age, degree of education, professional rank, and increasingly, gender. Everybody is treated alike. This is the system, remember, that never did work.

WE MUST standardize American manners, then, not only to complete Jefferson's sidetracked project of developing a democratic etiquette, but to make order out of the current chaos and to relieve people of the burden of developing and defending their own choices in the most common, everyday matters. But what exactly do we want? The ideals we have in mind, Mr. Jefferson and I, are equality and individual freedom and dignity of labor. I shall take the liberty of adding equality for women, whose interests, along with those of a few other people, he unaccountably overlooked.

I hope we can take it for granted that individual freedom must be tempered somewhat by the need for maintaining a harmonious society. I am not the only crank who is being driven mad by the abrasiveness of modern America. The modern etiquette problem is not that people don't know how to eat artichokes properly (the artichoke can defend itself—it has prickles) but that the citizens are screaming at one another in

the streets. When I am told nowadays of a "return to manners," I am forced to reply that that is not quite accurate. People have indeed come to realize that they hate being treated rudely by others, but the solution they seek is the "put-down," a method of returning rudeness with even greater rudeness. It is surely a premise of democracy that the rules apply equally to everyone.

EQUALITY, then, is something we all agree belongs in American behavior. But when we interpret it to mean a complete lack of recognizable distinctions among types of people on any basis whatsoever, and a thorough leveling of all hierarchies—a universal kindergarten, where everyone wears the same play clothes for all occasions and is addressed by nickname—then equality does not work.

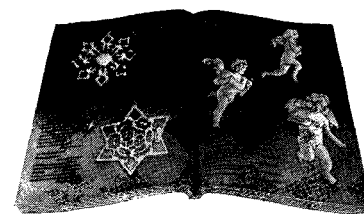
The truth is that nobody believes in it. Nobody really likes it. The de facto equality we have, of everyone's being treated at the lowest humanly possible standard of behavior, has not prevented tremendous striving to establish a recognizable class system. It seems to be a human instinct, once one has had the least advantage in life, to point out to as many people as possible that they have not.

Unlike a hereditary class system, where titles fix the position of the upper classes, a fluid system requires blatant outward manifestations for constant confirmation of status. The argument is often made that an institutionalized class system is better, in a way, because people at least know where they belong and are relieved from constant competition. (I have noticed that this argument is always advanced by people who are satisfied that if a class system were newly declared, they would come out on top.) American class distinctions, however, are made with money. Indeed, class distinctions everywhere have always been made with money, or its equivalent in land, never mind what may have been said here or in any other society about blood or breeding or education or taste or nobility of character. Fine feelings, intellectual, aesthetic, philanthropic or spiritual, require at least temporary indifference to one's immediate financial gain. Generally, but not always, this means that one has already satisfied one's material wants.

Under a hereditary system, the hard-working dynastic founder who makes the money does not fully enjoy the spending of it. That is left for the

next generation, the children who are brought up gently to acquire the fine taste and breeding that comes to be called nobility of character. In subsequent generations, the founder's money and their taste accumulate possessions, and the patina of age is more highly valued than the shine of the new. (In England, the traditional insult is, "They're the sort of people who buy their silver.") In Europe, there was always that clear-cut division between those who made the money and those who enjoyed it. One was either in trade, or one was in society, but it was impossible to be in both. The essence of being in trade is working to get ever ahead, while the essence of being in society is knowing how to enjoy the leisure afforded by having arrived.

Solving this problem diachronically, with earlier generations in trade and later ones in society, is obviously not suitable in the land of the self-made man, where everyone is created equal. In nineteenth-century America, a synchronic solution was found, a sexual division of the tasks of making and spending within one generation of the same family. Until fairly recently, the



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pattern was that the father and sons worked, and, to whatever extent their earnings allowed, the mother and daughters were supposed to display culture, religion, luxury, and other assorted fine feelings of society—in addition to seeing that the housework got done.

THIS system of working men and supposedly leisured women is not as old as those who are trying to root out the remains of it (or to revive it) seem to imagine. Before the rise of the middle class during the Industrial Revolution, gender had little to do with whether one worked. All the poor—men, women, and children—worked, and all the rich did not work. (The nonworking of the rich was known as “looking after the property,” a unisex form of housewifery, except that the men looked after the estate manager who looked after the outdoor property, and women looked after the household staff who looked after the indoor property.)

But the American-style family division, by gender, of earning and spending, made trouble right away. When the women became socially mobile—Mama taking the daughters to Europe perhaps, and finding them noble husbands unsullied by work—the last thing they needed to have around was old, vulgar, money-grubbing Papa. And in recent years, we have finally noticed that dividing the tasks of work and leisure by gender leaves a lot of dissatisfied people—overburdened men and bored women.

This system has now come to an end. It took a remarkably long time for people to notice the simple fact that everyone needs some sort of challenging work in his or her life, and that everyone needs a personal life, complete with noncompetitive leisure. Now even aristocratic societies are abandoning the idea of full-time leisure. There is not a countess left in Europe who doesn't run a boutique, or aspire to; and every idiot son of an old family identifies himself as a photographer.

A new social problem is replacing the old one. Now that virtually everyone works, including middle-class women and upper-class men, the private realm has all but disappeared. There is no one left to run it. Everything is business. What is referred to as “society” in the newspapers consists of parties celebrating merchants or new merchandise, or of charity luncheons or balls to which

tickets are sold. More exclusively, so-called private, social life is routinely used unabashedly for opportunities to further the guests' careers.

Just about every etiquette question I receive concerning weddings provides financial information as the presumptive basis for my ruling on social matters. “We're paying for it ourselves, so why do we have to invite my mother's cousins whom I can't stand?” “If my stepfather is paying for the liquor, shouldn't he give me away, rather than my father, who's only paying for the flowers?” “How can we tell people that we already have all the household things we want and prefer cash?” There seems to be a general belief that social, and even family, honors are for sale, and that there is an acknowledged admission charge to wedding guests.

BUSINESS techniques are applied to the most personal situations. If you are ready to fall in love, you run a classified advertisement announcing a vacancy and including a job description with the most detailed skill requirements. It is permissible to fire lovers, but only with cause. “I don't love you anymore” is not considered acceptable; “You don't meet my present needs” is more suitably businesslike. In what used to be known as free love, contractual obligation after obligation is being established until, ultimately, the free lovers will have re-invented marriage. Friends are only friends, moreover, if they fit exactly with one's stage of life and momentary interests. That person whose agenda is to find romance does not bother with married people, and married couples only bother with people who are childless, if they are, or else have children of the same age group they do. Acquiring or losing a spouse means, therefore, that one also loses one's friends.

I suppose one could not argue with using business techniques to run personal life if they worked. But it is, after all, the goal of business to get things done and to move ahead; while the whole idea of society, not to mention love, is to enjoy being where you are.

Meanwhile, the empty forms of social behavior survive inappropriately in business situations, where there is a pretense, by using the social model, that professional inequalities do not exist. “Hi, I'm Kimberly, and I'm going to be bringing you dinner. How ya doing?” “We're not just your bank, we're

your friend.” Never trust your luggage to an airline that has promised to be your friend, because that means that the business will not be held accountable any more than a friend would. If a friend does his best, or has an excuse, or just botches something, or does not feel like it, it is rude to berate him for not doing a favor.

This confusion of friendship and business not only blinds people to their own interests, but leads them to unrealistic expectations from others. I always have to start the New Year reading pitiful letters from those who, thinking the office Christmas party a social occasion where everyone is equal, used it to have a frank talk with the boss. I do not in the least mean to suggest that I do not approve of an unashamed recognition of the importance of trade in American life, and of the dignity of all honest labor. But how can the ideological equality of all citizens be represented symbolically in the decidedly unequal world of business, where some people are bosses and others are their employees? It cannot. Only in the private realm, where each citizen can exercise autonomy and choice, is full equality possible.

When there is no private realm, rank derives only from jobs; and a person without a job, no matter how rich, is a person without social identification or standing. This is why women who were once proud of single-handedly maintaining private, domestic, community, social, and cultural life for men (who could manage only one job) are now ashamed of or defensive about being housewives. Those clearly low on the job scale—or even high but not satisfied with their positions—also harbor terrible resentment because they feel they do not have the equality they were promised as Americans. By equality, they mean not only equal opportunity, but being considered “just as good as anyone else” at whatever level they occupy.

Of course, according to the American tradition, anyone who is dissatisfied ought to be able to work his or her way up. But even if this tradition accurately reflected the possibilities, the climb would rarely be quick or high enough. Nor is there any one rung on the ladder that commands universal respect, unless it is that of celebrity, the new super-category based on the lucky accident of having become conspicuous for whatever reason, good or bad. Perhaps

that is because it skips over the old work ethic, which seems too slow and tedious now that everything depends on it. It is not the climbing Horatio Alger whom we admire now, but the sitting Lana Turner, who is discovered at Schwab's Pharmacy and rewarded for simply being—whatever it is that she is. The only identity one can still have as a person is as a personality, which seems to be something less than a person blown up to look like more.

CONSUMER competition does remain another, related, form of ranking, but blatant consumerism makes inequalities even more obvious. It is now carried out by the very same people who make the money, which may seem only fair, but which means that the relative worth of the goods must be recognizable to people who have not had sufficient leisure to learn to make subtle judgments. Clothes with labels—designers' names—on the outside, where everyone can read them, are designed to meet this need. In this competition, success is judged not by how old possessions are, but how newly acquired, demonstrating the ability to afford the latest designated symbol, even if that means buying up someone else's heirlooms.

Curiously, this has come to mean that the rich—who were traditionally courted and served by the commercial classes—have now put themselves at the service of those very persons who have a financial interest in the competition for social standing. A lady has arrived socially when her hairdresser and dressmaker consent to grace her dinner table. Some of the credit for this clever inversion must go to the middlemen of modern art—the critics, dealers, and curators who, early in this century, managed to convince their patrons that by using their own money in the exercise of their own taste, they would make hopeless fools of themselves. Now the principle of the incompetence of the rich regarding the spending of their own money has been extended from art to most other luxury purchases. A person who can afford it has an interior decorator to arrange his house, as he has a psychoanalyst to arrange his feelings. There is a professional expert for every aspect of life. No one who has enough money needs to worry about spending it in ways of which merchants might disapprove.

And so the role of social arbiter, of

judging today's placements on the social scale, has been turned over to middlemen who make money at it. Popular articles about "making it" invariably state that the ultimate sign of success is recognition and approval from headwaiters. If the owner of a restaurant interrupts your dinner to greet you, life can hold no further glory. The expensive restaurant, with its mysterious allocations of good and bad tables, whatever that may mean, is apparently the temple of judgment, along with a new place on Fifth Avenue called Trumpy Tower. Or something.

WE NEED, again, a coherent code of manners. And this should be based not on commerce-dictated expenditure, but on gentility of behavior. I believe that the only hope for equality in this society is re-establishing the dualism of the commercial and the personal realms. Instead of assigning people to one or the other by gender, we need to change the society so that everyone can enjoy some of each.

I think we will probably eventually adopt a system of precedence based on age, rather than gender, and I rather think that is a good idea, as it gives everyone a shot at being last and then first. But there are some changes that more immediately need to be made. For example, the business realm must be structured to recognize that both men and women have personal lives. The pattern of the man being free to work all the time because he has a sham family and social life, which is actually entirely run by a woman, is disappearing; both men and women are less willing to settle for half a life. Moreover, the requirement of mobility for many careers is already becoming unfeasible. Couples who work require two satisfactory slots if they are to move. Constant moving also means that one's contacts are job-related, and effectively rules out community life. Employers will have to recognize that employees—and not only women employees—have families, and therefore require certain scheduling adjustments to accommodate child-rearing and other personal duties and pleasures.

Then there is that oxymoron, business entertaining. The chief purpose of business entertaining is to confuse people into applying social standards, such as loyalty regardless of merit, to business dealings. I do not think it works. It does not require much sophistication to

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figure out how to accept free drinks but still clear one's head for business. The foreign service and corporate America are also finding that women are refusing to devote themselves, for free, to making those burdensome social schedules function.

Tax advantages for business entertaining, and deductions for memberships in clubs and other nominally recreational organizations invite abuses of all sorts. It is commonplace for people to claim that their clubs are private when fairness requirements are mentioned, and part of the business world when that is profitable. Why should the government, through the tax laws, so involve itself in the social realm?

Freedom ought to include the right to bestow friendship as one chooses. If we truly believe in the dignity of labor, any task can be performed with pride, because no honest work can demean the basic dignity of a human being.

Equality means that one does not take one's identity in society from the job slot one happens to fill. I would hope that a revival of the private realm would preclude hierarchies in which absolute standards, such as job titles and money, rather than personal qualities, mark some individuals as obviously superior to others.

I think my colleague Thomas Jefferson would agree. I'm not so sure about my colleague Cotton Mather.

every opportunity that came her way. She supplemented this material with extensive reading in the vast ethnographic literature in Russian on the Buryat, on exile writing, on Western scholarly work on the Soviet economy generally, and (for what they are worth, which is often more than one might expect, when read aright) on the endless stream of reports, plans, and ideological exhortations directed toward the Buryat by the authorities. Woven together with great skill and an apparent absence of *parti pris*, these various sorts of data from various sorts of sources provide Humphrey with a solid empirical basis for her analysis. But it is the analysis itself, a good deal more innovative than the lumbering prose in which it is cast would suggest, which gives her work its special force.

Humphrey sees the Buryat collective farm not as a social microcosm—Jonesville, U.S.S.R.—nor as a bold experiment in socioeconomic organization—a Siberian kibbutz. It is a loose, unremarkable, and rather accidental community of milkmaids, shepherds, tractor drivers, electricians, field hands, and bookkeepers, all trying somehow to function in the face of wildly diverse conceptions—from Communist ideology, from the policy imperatives of the Soviet state, from the administrative procedures of corporate farming, from the beliefs and institutions of Buryat culture—of what it is supposed to be all about. At the mercy at once of Marxist-Leninist theory, the Moscow bureaucracy, the vexations of exactly scheduled agriculture, and the legacy of their own half-suppressed past, Buryat *kolkhozniks* find themselves in something of a no-win situation. Much of the time there seems to be no way to do things right; or at least extraordinarily many ways of doing them wrong.

AMONG these contending life-frames, the most remote from the *kolkhozniks'* own sense of themselves is, of course, the ideological vision of the world-historical laws and stages (if a thing so routinized can still be called a vision). Still, it is no less consequential for all that. As it arrives to the collective farmers—via mass-produced textbooks, boiler-plate party “instructions,” and local newspaper exhortations—it is “a simplified and popularized set of ideas, still more or less unchanged from Marx’s analysis of nineteenth-century capitalism.” The most important of

SOCIALISM IN SIBERIA

Karl Marx Collective: Economy, Society and Religion in a Siberian Collective Farm by Caroline Humphrey

(Cambridge University Press, 522 pp., \$59.50, \$17.95 paper)

There are many highly developed research techniques by means of which outsiders can fail to find out anything profound about the Soviet Union. Ethnography would seem to be the most likely of all to get nowhere. With their reliance on a single observer, the necessity of extended personal contact with the subjects of research, the preference for small-scale studies of local settlements far removed from the centers of wealth and power, and the dependence upon qualitative materials difficult to reduce to formula or elevate to generality—ethnographic methods would not appear to suit the study of a vast, highly authoritarian, and deeply secretive society. Caroline Humphrey’s book, a classically constructed ethnography of two collective farms in Siberia during the 1960s and ’70s, emphatically proves the contrary. A fine study, conducted under extraordinarily difficult conditions, it offers us insights into aspects of Soviet life that could be had in no other way.

Humphrey, a Cambridge-trained anthropologist, was in the Soviet Union in 1966-67, 1968, and 1974-75 as an exchange student attached to Moscow State University. From there she was

permitted, in 1967 and 1974, to travel to the Buryat Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic for field research on those old anthropological standbys, shamanism and kinship. The Buryat are a Mongolian-speaking people, originally almost wholly pastoral and still significantly so, settled around Lake Baikal. Vastly outnumbered in their own “state” by Russians, from whom they tend to live separately, whom they only very occasionally marry, and perhaps even more occasionally like, they have been mostly gathered into either state farms, *sovkhoz*, or collective ones, *kolkhoz*. It is on two of the latter (both called “Karl Marx Collective Farm,” a fact her title and subtitle oddly obscure), that Humphrey, having paid her debts to anthropological traditions in the traditional places, focuses her attention.

Though her field stays were brief, a month or two at a time, and of course at least loosely supervised, Humphrey, who is fluent in Russian and competent in standard Mongolian and its Buryat variant, managed to obtain an extraordinary amount of detailed material on the operation of the two farms and the character of life there. She did this mainly by grasping with both hands ev-

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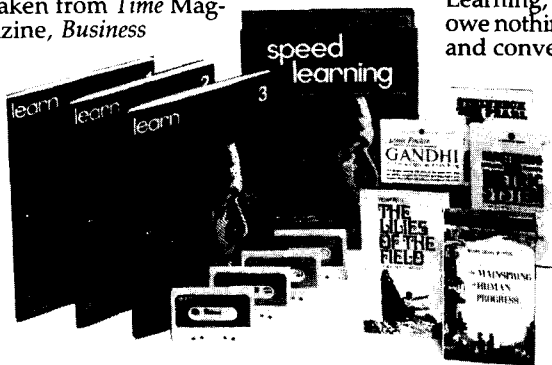
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those ideas is that mysterious flying object, "surplus value": "The [official] view . . . is that extraction of 'surplus value' by the state is legitimate in the same way that the extraction of 'profit' is regarded as legitimate in capitalism."

What prevents this from being just so much word magic designed to obscure unpleasant realities is that it is transformed into specific criteria for evaluating kolkhoz performance, even unto Siberia. Through a chain of serio-comic "mathematical" manipulations leading to involved and abstract classification schemes that kolkhoz administrators are obliged to use (or to pretend to use) for accounting, a practical (that is to say, impractical) operational code for truly socialist collective farming is deduced. There are all sorts of ins-and-outs to all this—methods, largely notional, for calculating wages, fixing prices, measuring output; but the heart of the matter is the belief, emphatic and a priori, that there must be "surplus value," come hail or come drought, and that it must be transferred to the "Soviet people as a whole" via the state, else it is "profit" and capitalism is at hand.

At the day-to-day level of Humphrey's two farms, this leads to a number of untoward results. Farms "operate at widely different rates of profit more or less irrespective of their efficiency." The exactions laid on any particular kolkhoz, its contribution to "the Soviet people as a whole," have but a tenuous connection, and often an in-

verse connection, to its actual performance as a productive organization. Farmers regard the economic regime under which they exist as a mystery wrapped in an enigma. And everyone, from farm chairman to swineherd, lives in constant fear of being brought to account for violating the sacred principles that he has been assured, as a pioneer of socialism, he is serving.

The relation of activity to ideology [within the kolkhoz] results in a characteristic and all-pervasive *liability*. . . . The very fact that Soviet ideology is so multifarious . . . means that no action can be interpreted . . . in only one way, and yet there has to be an officially valid rationale for every act. . . . [However] great one's powers, one is always responsible to [an even] greater extent. "Responsibility" . . . is an enormously elastic concept. It stretches to all those ideological specifications of what someone in power might think one ought to do [and] the competence ascribed to any given [job] is always less than the responsibility attached to it. The difference between these two is the liability which hangs like an uncertain penumbra round so many activities.

The penumbra is not made any more certain, nor the umbra either, by the notorious instability of Soviet agricultural policy—this week Virgin Lands, next week Socialist Competition—or by the top-heavy governmental apparatus—committee upon committee, secretary upon secretary—through which it is executed. Humphrey has some marvelous pages, like Gogol, hilarious but for the

subject, on the economic irrationalities produced by all of this; and on the ways, the crafted deceptions encoded in sardonic slang, by which the kolkholzniks try to protect themselves against them.

There is *plyushkinstvo*, "adding on," so as to keep something aside for the next time some bureaucrat thinks to demand it; *nelikvidy*, producing goods which are legally unsalable but which can be bartered for similar goods produced by other enterprises; *levaya produktsiya*, producing unplanned (and unrecorded) goods with state-owned equipment; *prripiski*, registering more output than has in fact been produced in order to meet unrealistic quotas (which then leads to the quotas being raised and more *prripiski* the next time around); *defitsitnyye*, goods which, being in short supply—paint, screwdrivers—can be obtained only by means of official orders, wormed out of agencies by *tolkachi*, "pushers," who "make card indexes of important people in the district noting their birthdays and anniversaries, as well as their soft spots"; and, above all *pokazhukha*, "doing something for show," which is "even more tightly defined by ideology than genuine work." A stream of petty illegalities, "so widespread as to constitute a systemic part of the Soviet economy itself," produces the "manipulable resources" (as Humphrey delicately calls them) that permit her two farms to function despite the enormous flow of commands and threats sent their way in the name of socialism by the state bureaucracy. "[The] state [has taken] the place of nature"—in Siberia!—"as the potential source of prosperity and ruin, and it is in relation to [it] that mutual security must be organized."

IT IS, however, traditional Buryat culture, a thing by now of shreds and patches, that provides the kolkhozniks with their most immediate sense that, even in a world of surplus value, official truth, and global liability, it is possible to live an ordinary life; and it is to the culture that Humphrey devotes her most original and enlightening pages.

The Buryat were traditionally Mahayana Buddhists. Today almost all the lamas and monasteries are gone, however, crushed in the 1930s, their lands confiscated, their leaders "dispersed." The handful that are permitted to remain are "organized along the lines of a Soviet, as though no other model

WITH THE BUST OF MAECENAS AT COOLE

In this garden now without a house to care,
They quarreled or conspired beneath the hedges,
The dead whose books were all they bought of heaven.
Where the stiff-backed patroness strolled in the twenties,
A great patron's head ennobles the scene.
Once, and not from a heart too delicate
For blood's obscenities, he was so moved
Against some purge of Caesar's as to flirt
With his own beheading, flinging these words
Over the crowd still breathing in the stench
Of retribution: "Break off, butcher!"
Fast friend of poets, soldier, counselor,
West of your head a great tree stands, its coppery
Leaf-cloud stirring like a thought to break off butchery.

GIBBONS RUARK

were available." They were also shamans, dispatching entranced travelers to supernal realms to plead their interest. Today shamanism is officially derided as quackery, its practitioners—also vastly reduced in number from the time when each clan had a complement of its own—occasionally imprisoned as disturbers of the public peace. And they were organized into patrilineal descent groups, ranked in terms of the relative age of the brothers who founded them, and politically linked to one another by complex exchange relationships centering around marriage. Today such descent groups, scattered and powerless, are diffuse ideas, "cultural self-reflections, existing by virtue of their dissimilarity to Soviet institutions."

Yet, and yet, *plus ça change*: "Relatively few Buryat institutions and cultural conceptions have in fact [simply] disappeared: most of them exist, transformed, within Soviet society." Buddhism, reduced from a church to a creed to which few people will publicly admit adherence, still maintains its hold over Buryat funeral rituals, over their eschatological beliefs, and over their general conceptions of time; and it remains a symbol of Buryat national feeling. Shamans still cure diseases, still conduct sacrifice rites, and still journey to the abodes of deities, including, so as to increase the fish supply, that of the Parisian communards who, after

their 1871 defeat, took refuge in Lake Baikal and turned into otters. And the great wedding exchanges of gifts and counter-gifts continue, even if the kin involved no longer form independent groups, workmates participate along with relatives, and the goods transferred are those "manipulable resources" extracted from the kolkhoz as a free-style version of "surplus value."

This "interlocking of 'Buryat' with 'Soviet' consciousness" adds one more dimension to the scrapbook world of *Karl Marx Collective*, one more reality for it to accommodate. Caught not just between Tradition and Modernity, Theory and Praxis, Center and Periphery, or Marx and Shamanism, but between all of them at once, Buryat kokholzniks have about as much trouble making sense of things as they do making a living or paying their dues to Soviet society. But they contrive somehow to do all three, and Humphrey's account of how they manage it is thorough, observant, and (if unnecessarily heavy—this is no book for the seashore) persuasive. It is also, like a report from a provincial museum of yesterday's hopes, dispiriting.

CLIFFORD GEERTZ

Clifford Geertz, a professor of social science at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, is author most recently of *Local Knowledge* (Basic).

SAMURAI SCREW-UP

Wired: The Short Life and Fast Times of John Belushi by Bob Woodward

(Simon & Schuster, 461 pp., \$17.95)

On screen and in life, John Belushi played the fool. He was 33 when he died of an overdose at the Château Marmont in 1982. By then, gross overeating had swollen his 5'7" frame to 222 pounds, and he was strung out from his now legendary drug binges. The rapacity and restlessness of Hollywood were epitomized in him. His comedy partner Dan Aykroyd described Belushi's frenzy as "a state of trance and venom," an apt phrase for that vindictive triumph society calls stardom. From Belushi's earliest days as a comic with Chicago's Second City in 1971, his

greed as an actor was as obvious as his talent. "Fight, scream, refuse to do things," he told a writer for "Saturday Night Live," which vaulted him to national celebrity. "Demand things, be an asshole." Belushi was. Among Belushi's fondest misconceptions was that he was "addicted to life." On the contrary, confusing excitement with experience and freedom with fame, he had become addicted to death.

Belushi's reputation for recklessness began early. At Wheaton Central High School in Wheaton, Illinois, Belushi's ferocity on the football field earned him

the nickname "Killer Belushi." He played to win. "When the ball snaps," Belushi would taunt his opponents from his middle-linebacker slot, "You'll hear your nose break." His appetite for victory in sports, in acting, in music, in anything came from the impoverishment of his home life. "Just use this place to sleep and eat," Belushi advised his kid brother, speaking of the family home which was never a happy one. "Go out for football, wrestling. Go out for the speech team. Go out for dramatics. Do whatever you want to do. And stay out of here." Belushi's father, Adam, had come to America from Albania in 1934 and spent most of his working life building up a restaurant business in Chicago, which he finally lost. Except for weekends, Adam was absent from the family; and John Belushi knew what he'd missed. His subsequent rampage was both an indictment and a result of his father's stalled life. Belushi refused to go into his father's business, or to accept the modest, decent ambitions of an ordinary man. "Who does he think he is?" asks Adam Belushi witnessing his son's table-thumping tan-

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trum in the office of his business manager.

The question haunts Bob Woodward's biography of Belushi as it haunted Belushi himself. He wanted to be extraordinary. He became instead a kind of caricature of "bigness." He sought from the public the love that he couldn't win from his parents. It was a mug's game; but, then, being an endearing mug was Belushi's stock-in-trade. Instead of banishing the tyranny of early parental figures, celebrity merely replaced it with an even more tyrannical authority figure: the public. "You need drugs," Belushi explained to his minder, hired to keep him from taking drugs, about the pressures of success. "You've got to be on top, got to store up everything." Of course, with drugs, as Belushi's chaotic life attested, experience didn't widen; it shrunk.

"Don't you have any self-respect?" says a straight-arrow collegian in *Animal House* (1978) to Belushi who, as Bluto, fills his face with cream cakes and then splats them over the tweedbag, exclaiming "I'm a zit!" In *Animal House*, Bluto is always throwing a show: pissing on feet, leering up co-eds' dresses, smashing guitars and beer bottles, butting heads, getting in food fights. He is adamantly anti-intellectual. On screen, Belushi's slapstick slovenliness was a gold mine; offstage, it was a nightmare. The benders, the sudden disappearances, the tirades, the passings-out, the spending sprees (one chauffeur was kept on twenty-four-hour call while Belushi ran up an \$800 limousine bill on a drug binge), the squalid clutter, all had an extravagance in real life that far exceeded Belushi's lovable pigpen image on screen. No wonder that when John Guare was writing *Moon Over Miami* for Belushi and Aykroyd (the film Belushi was about to do for Louis Malle when

Belushi died), Guare named Belushi's character Shelley Slutsky. The script was so near the knuckle that Aykroyd was worried about Belushi's reaction. Guare had seen the Belushi whirlwind in action.

Guare recounts to Woodward his meeting with Aykroyd and Belushi at their Dominick Street bar in New York which had setups for two and where they liked to entertain their friends. Belushi played The Dead Kennedy's "Too

grief can you feel for this epic level of self-destruction?"

"It's worse winning," Jack Dempsey once said, "than losing." Belushi knew the feeling. He had always conceived of himself as a renegade outsider. He was obsessed with Brando and Bogart and worked up imitations of them. As an actor, he had girded himself for a life of struggle and rejection. But celebrity changed all that. Within three years of starting out on his career, Belushi found himself pushing at an open door. The success of "Saturday Night Live" made him a kind of household god before he'd hardly had time to explore his talent or his craft.

Belushi was asked (and declined) to be Grand Marshal of the Mardi Gras. Paul McCartney paid Belushi \$6,000 to do his Joe Cocker imitation at his birthday party. As The Blues Brothers, he and Aykroyd cut a record; but unlike Belushi's high school band, who also made a record and painted it gold as a joke, The Blues Brothers' album found a wide audience. Belushi's curious screen charisma, at once shy and bold, made him bankable; and film studios lined up to offer him multimillion dollar deals. Every dream was coming true—and it was boring. "When you're a star," Belushi

said derisively, "you're directed. People do it for you." Going to the edge with drugs was a way to test his incredible luck and make life interesting. "You put more pressure on yourself to make everything that much harder because work is no longer challenging," he explained. "You say, 'Well, I'll get screwed up and then it'll be a real challenge.' So stupid—I've often wondered why people do these things. You're so much happier if you don't, but I guess happiness is not a state you want to be in all the time." It was another of Belushi's delusions. Drugs didn't make him a rebel, just an epic consumer. He spent



JOHN BELUSHI BY RACHAEL ROMERO

Drunk to Fuck" on the jukebox and proclaimed in his obtuse way that the reason why the song couldn't be played on the radio was what was wrong with America. He insisted they slam dance, which meant running across the room into each other at full speed. Guare, who is 6'3", knocked Belushi down with a shoulder block. Belushi looked up and said: "You dance very well." The event left Guare with a deeper insight into Belushi than the Woodward biography reports. "Belushi had no private identity to retreat to," he says. "He was like that jukebox. I'm sorry we didn't work together. What kind of

between \$40,000 and \$75,000 a month, most of it going up his nose. He was not, as Artaud called actors, "an athlete of the heart." He was just a mess.

"MY characters say it's okay to screw up," Belushi told *Newsweek* after his success in *Animal House* had made him "an expert" on comedy. "People don't have to be perfect. They don't have to be real smart. They don't have to follow the rules. They can have fun. Most movies today make people feel inadequate. I don't do that." But Belushi himself was far from noncompetitive. He may have fought the star image, but not the star ethic. He was obsessed with measuring and maintaining the difference between himself and others. "I make more money in movies than you, boy," he said to Chevy Chase, a remark for which he later apologized. And when Paramount guaranteed Belushi \$1.85 million, 7 to 12 percent of the gross, and a \$2,500 weekly allowance, while he was writing a clunker that eventually was titled *Noble Rot*, Belushi almost walked away from the deal because Jack Nicholson got more. "How come Nicholson gets this," he told his business manager. "I should be getting this!" Fame was Belushi's ticket to ride roughshod over everyone, a trap he mistook for freedom. "Success," he told a punk musician he was trying to promote in the film industry, "means you can get up and leave when you want." In Belushi's case, the imperialism of the star's personality extended not just to trying to take full credit for the screenplay of *Noble Rot* that he'd co-written, or to hiring and firing people at whim, but to offering to pay his wife's employer's \$60,000 not to hire her so she'd be free to take care of him.

"What can be going on inside this person to make him so unhappy?" Judy Belushi wrote in her diary of what she euphemistically called "John Trouble." She had seen her high school sweetheart become a monster, the charm of his terrific energy turn into demented desire. She had tried to get Belushi's manager and accountant to stop giving him cash for dope. But they were in business, and Belushi was their gravy train. Belushi would tyrannize their offices until money was forthcoming. And if it took Dexamyl to keep Belushi awake after a bender for a \$40,000 looping session, so be it—anything to keep the performing workhorse on the job. Belushi worried about himself as an art-

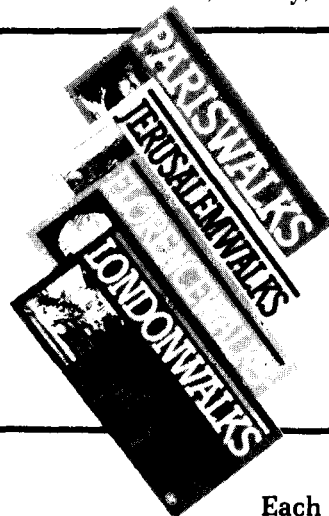
ist, but the studios and his managers saw him as a unit. When news of his death filtered down the corridors of Paramount, the bosses initially thought it was their deal, and not Belushi, that had collapsed. At the time of his death, Paramount was trying to switch Belushi from the botched *Noble Rot* to the commercial schlock of *The Joy of Sex*. Belushi worried to his friends that Hollywood was trivializing his talent; but he'd accomplished that all by himself.

No one, not even Belushi, quite knew what he'd lost until it was gone. "'Saturday Night Live' took a lot out of our souls," Belushi said. Relationships, especially his marriage, were a shambles; normality was a memory; and worst of all, his once-generous nature had been sacrificed to the brutal self-aggrandizement of stardom. Once, while shooting *The Blues Brothers* (1980), Belushi refused to come out of his trailer. The film was way behind schedule and millions over budget. The film's director John Landis stalked into the trailer and found Belushi sitting comatose at a table with a mound of cocaine piled in front of him. In a fury, Landis swept up the cocaine and flushed it down the john. He turned to see Belushi coming

at him. In self-defense, Landis punched his star. Belushi began to cry. "I'm so ashamed," he said. "So, so, ashamed. . . ." Although it's misused in the narrative of *Wired*, the moment is the book's most poignant. Belushi had lost his goodness and he knew it. Dope was for Belushi what fast cars were for Clifford Odets's fictional golden boy, the boxer Joe Bonaparte, who dies in a crash, his "accidental" death a revenge on his keepers and his corrupted integrity. "We're off the earth—unconnected," Bonaparte says of speed. "We don't have time to think." For Belushi, speedballing, free-basing, and finally heroin, kept guilt and the pain of lost goodness at a distance, until, of course, they killed him.

Belushi's comic legacy is small and uneven. He was just beginning, although he fondly thought of himself as a master. "No one can tell me about two things—comedy and music," he said. As his films show, he had a lot to learn. With the laid-back and lanky Aykroyd, Belushi had a comic silhouette of immense but unrealized potential. The wit and aggression of his memorable cameos on "Saturday Night Live" didn't translate to the big screen,

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which wanted its laughter easy to swallow for mass consumption. On film, Belushi left a memory of moments, especially the food fight in *Animal House* and the rock concert in *The Blues Brothers*, where Belushi's gorgeous energy and his pain coalesce in fun.

Wired is perhaps a fitting epitaph to Belushi's short and shapeless life: the overlong in praise of the overpaid. Woodward, like Belushi, stays staunchly on the surface of life, has no point of view, sees no larger picture. As a biog-

rapher, Woodward refuses to interpret the facts and people around him. But the facts are clear enough. Belushi was an archetypal greedhead. He dreamed of wanting; and everything he wanted was worthless.

JOHN LAHR

John Lahr is the author most recently of *Automatic Vaudeville: Essays on Star Turns* (Knopf).

fine biography of Robert Oppenheimer, set out to explore the new reality. They write as themselves ("Whitely: A Survivor's Tale" is Chapter 1), making references to their own actual pasts. In their shattered future they find army salvagers disassembling what remains of value in Manhattan; a new Hispanic republic in southern Texas; an undamaged California which has sealed its borders against the needy and where roller skaters favor FORGET THE REST T-shirts; a British naval captain (Britain is once again the world's leading power) whose assignment is to locate and destroy the remaining U.S. and Soviet nuclear-missile submarines which continue to prowl the oceans in various states of disrepair, unable to be recalled since everyone who knew the recall codes is now dead; an economist whose complaint is that the electromagnetic pulse wiped out all computer-stored statistics; and so on.

Often the authors employ pseudo-oral history. Chapters are introduced with someone's name ("Interview: Rita Mack, Professional Rememberer") and proceed as a first-person transcript. This makes the book strenuous to read and also, of course, made it strenuous to write. Strieber goes to annoying lengths to insure that you know he considers himself a big deal, through the device of reminiscing about how he "used to" be: "I was rich in [pre-war] New York," he says in one section. "I wrote all my pre-war novels there. My films were set there. How anachronistic those books seem now, those light entertainments that were my life's work in the last days of the old world." Gulp.

Still, *Warday* has many virtues. It estimates well what the human aftermath of nuclear idiocy might be—the shock of relatives and friends who simply no longer exist, the exotic status conferred on what were once standard consumer items, the sense of needlessness and irrevocable loss—without descending into the grade school simpering of the TV movie *The Day After*. In *Warday*, for instance, the characters wonder what they might have done to make things turn out differently; unlike in *The Day After*, where all those decent honest folks were the helpless victims of evil politicians, no mention is made of the complicating fact that they had put the politicians in office. The reserved, adult tone of *Warday* is rare in antinuclear writing, and somehow more chilling than anger or outrage—especially when

GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD

Warday: And the Journey Onward
by Whitley Strieber and James W. Kunetka

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 374 pp., \$15.95)

The Day After World War III
by Edward Zuckerman

(Viking, 288 pp., \$18.95)

Trinity's Child
by William Prochnau

(Putnam, 400 pp., \$16.95)

Bored by nuclear war? Sick of reading about the slaughter of millions, the utter obliteration of life, the end of genetic continuity? That's understandable. Given the recent spate of books, movies, and commentaries on the subject, nuclear war has become so trendy that a reverse trend is inevitable. A year or so ago it was hip to walk about visibly burdened by the awesome magnitude of belonging to what might be the final generation ("How can I enjoy this scampi after reading that piece about SIOP in *Somber Review*?"); now many find it equally hip to affect disinterest in a topic so banal it has even come to Hollywood's attention. When the Soviets recently announced that they would station more submarine-launched missiles off our shores, eight minutes' flying range from Washington, Ronald Reagan's shrugging response was, can't they do any better than that? Nuclear books are beginning to draw the same reaction. Total destruction of mankind—can't they think

of anything else to write about?

It's understandable, also, that readers may have grown wary of the motivation behind doom writing. Since any observation about nuclear war automatically carries weight, there is a special danger of attracting self-promoting or self-important authors. The success of *The Fate of the Earth* has not been lost on the literary community. That said, the fact remains, of course, that the threat of nuclear war is the single most important issue of our time, so any contribution to its understanding, even if the inspiration is not entirely selfless, can be of value.

Warday, a novel by Whitley Strieber and James Kunetka, sounds ominously as though it were conceived with the movie-rights sale in mind. It is 1993, five years after a "limited" nuclear war has killed a third of the population and reduced the United States to a collection of semi-independent fiefdoms. Strieber, author of junk books like *Wolfen* and *The Hunger*, and Kunetka, author of a

it forces you to think about the sheer practical details of living out your life in a nuclear poverty that could have been prevented by only a few moments' common sense.

Warday bears some similarity to a novel published late last fall, *Trinity's Child* by William Prochnau, which also concerns a limited nuclear war in the late 1980s. Prochnau focused his book not on the results of the war but the hours of its fighting—what was said among The President, The Premier, The General, and The Right-Wing Fanatic. This choice probably traces to Prochnau's work as a reporter for *The Washington Post*, where he covered the nuclear beat and where What Was Said stories have become—particularly since Woodward's and Bernstein's *The Final Days*—a newsroom specialty. The peril of What Was Said writing is that the melodrama of dialogue ("Mr. President," the lanky, taciturn Princeton honors graduate intoned gravely, "it appears we have a problem. . . .") can crowd out the meaning of the story itself. This seems to have happened to *Trinity's Child*, which is a shame, because underneath the impossibly incisive (and always grammatically perfect) verbal duels taking place as the bombs rain down, the book contains a thorough and well-written explanation of how the strategic nuclear system works; not which weapons do what, but what the system itself does.

IN FACT, while neither book is memorable as literature—neither has the emotional power of *On The Beach* or the imagination of *A Canticle for Liebowitz*, the two great post-Armageddon novels of the late 1950s—both are strong on analysis of important factual matters. The plot of *Trinity's Child* revolves around the problems both sides might have, in the hours after a limited nuclear exchange, trying to make the war stop. Confusion reigns; communications are out; nobody's really sure who has been hit by what, who's dead and who isn't; bombers have received conflicting instructions; a Soviet ICBM commander is refusing orders to cease fire and the airplane which is supposed to send American submarines a cease-fire code has accidentally been placed under the command of the Secretary of the Treasury. These are the kinds of real-world problems which dominate actual military history and will be amplified a thousand times over in signifi-

cance should there be nuclear war: yet they are assumed away in war-game exercises and especially by the nuclear intellectuals, whose first-strike "scenarios" generally feature a fully informed President sitting calmly with the Joint Chiefs of Staff in a seminar room, debating the fine points of surviving net equivalent throw-weight.

This is not just a technical, but a political consideration. Throughout history wars have been fought long past the point where a conclusion was "obvious." Political systems have more trouble coming to grips with the obvious than with any other task which confronts them, because most political systems are programmed for self-deceit. By 1916 it should have been clear to all combatants that further fighting would only serve to increase the death count, yet World War I dragged on two more years; Germany and Japan fought on well past the point when even the most ardent Nazi or imperial admiral could have foreseen victory; in the Korean, Crimean, U.S. Civil, and many other wars bloodshed continued for months or years after individual battles ceased to have meaning. These failures to stop pointless fighting have been systemic, not technological. What will happen in

nuclear combat, when the speed and ferocity of destruction is a thousandfold greater than in any previous war, and the time available for political systems to recognize a new reality and act on it is measured in minutes, not years?

Warday, too, makes an important analytical contribution. In its war only 6 million Americans die because of the bombs themselves, but 70 million more die of related factors in the years following. Horrible as nuclear bombs are, their blast and short-lived radiation will kill only those in the immediate vicinity; a truth that nuclear apologists often cite while neglecting to mention aftereffects not strictly related to the explosions. For instance, long-term fallout would generally not be enough, in itself, to kill a healthy person—but what would it do in combination with other factors? Considering solely the effects of the explosions themselves can lead, for example, to former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger's pronouncement that a Soviet attack on U.S. Minuteman installations would cause only 800,000 deaths (the figure was later quietly raised to 18 million) or Reagan appointee T. K. Jones's "with enough shovels" daydream, in which people emerging from their backyard trenches find that every-

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thing unexploded has immediately returned to being completely normal, with the exception of some unseasonably warm weather. In *Warday* most of the dead are victims of a famine or a new flu strain which runs wild in a population weakened by radiation sickness and malnutrition; the damaged pharmaceutical industry cannot make sufficient vaccine until after the epidemic has taken hold.

More government assumptions about nuclear war are the subject of a non-fiction book, *The Day After World War III*, by journalist Edward Zuckerman. He presents an impressive catalogue of screwy post-doomsday plans from the infamous nuclear war change-of-address card to the "Military Chaplains' Nuclear Training Course" in which army padres are told, "Since nuclear science is a gift from God, it is inherently good . . ." to the Federal Emergency Management Agency's special I.D. card which requests that its employees receive preferential treatment from any institution still functioning following the bang.

After hearing a few dozen of these tidbits you get the point, but Zucker-

man just keeps on reciting them, interspersing familiar chapters about the Manhattan Project, Los Alamos, and similar heavily reported historical matters. Despite his admirable writing skill, this eventually becomes tiring, since little in *The Day After World War III* is news. (Although the author lists nearly two hundred recent newspaper and magazine articles and other reporters' books in his sources, he acknowledges few in the text.) But more importantly, Zuckerman does not reward the diligent reader by explaining what the drone of information means.

Thomas Powers has noted, for example, that a Russian flipping through *The Day After World War III* would be scared out of his wits, thinking—particularly since the further away one is from "official government plans," the more significant they sound—that the U.S. government was actually crazy enough to believe it could fight and win a nuclear war, just as "official" Soviet civil defense plans have scared many American intellectuals and politicians out of their wits. Now why is this point not in the book? Several

times Zuckerman comes close to explaining this kind of connection, and to making the breakthrough from a good book—lots of interesting facts well presented—to a great book, one which gives facts substance and significance. But always he backs away, enfolding himself in the cloak of phony objectivity. He won't simply come out and say what's going on, yet neither does he practice true objectivity, since facts which might mitigate the case are not presented.

The phony objectivity is at its worst in Zuckerman's reporting on FEMA (The Federal Emergency Management Agency), the origin of a large number of the book's horror stories. We read page after page of farfetched plans arranged to suggest that FEMA officials are such colossal morons they wouldn't mind a nuclear war. Never does Zuckerman allow that there might be a simple reason why FEMA behaves as it does—because it is a bureaucracy charged with drafting disaster plans, whose budget status and employees' careers depend on protecting the assumption that post-nuclear war schemes are of value. Can anyone imagine a FEMA director going before Congress and saying, "You know, if they ever drop the big one all these marvelous studies are going straight out the window. So why don't you save the working man a few bucks and lay us all off?"

Maybe Zuckerman felt that if he mentioned this he would have kicked the chair out from under his story—made the nuclear monsters seem a little more human, and their plans a little less crazed. On the contrary, it would have made his book much stronger. If Washington is drawing up saber-rattling plans because of organizational self-interest, perhaps the same thing is happening on the other side too—and perhaps understanding and sympathizing with such imperatives will point a way toward reversing the deadly momentum. Adding this dimension to *The Day After World War III* would have required the author to take a stand in favor of some program or reform, instead of merely pointing the finger—the easier and intellectually safer thing to do.

GREGG EASTERBROOK

Gregg Easterbrook is a staff writer for *The Atlantic Monthly*.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR has recently reviewed and recommends.

A Very Private Eye: An Autobiography in Diaries and Letters by Barbara Pym (Dutton). The trials and triumph of a novelist known as one of the most underrated writers of the century. (Reviewed 7/16 & 23/84)

Reading for the Plot: Design and Intention in Narrative by Peter Brooks (Knopf). An unfashionable argument about the meaning of order in fiction. (7/9/84)

Chants Democratic: New York City and the Rise of the American Working Class, 1788-1850 by Sean Wilentz (Oxford University Press). A pioneering study in the history of the American proletariat. (7/9/84)

Motives for Fiction by Robert Alter (Harvard University Press). Occasional critical writings that transcend their occasion. (7/9/84)

Infante's Inferno by G. Cabrera Infante (Harper & Row). Outrageous memories of a Havana boyhood. (7/9/84)

Loyalties by Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Reflections on nuclear weapons and other dangers from America's foremost intellectual in politics. (7/9/84)

Advice and Support: The Early Years, 1941-1960 by Ronald H. Spector (Center of Military History, U.S. Army). The accomplished first volume in a history of the Army's tortuous experience in Vietnam. (7/2/84)

Dawn to the West by Donald Keene (Holt, Rinehart, & Winston). 2,000 pages exhaustively, informatively, covering the modern literature of Japan. (6/25/84).

An American Procession by Alfred Kazin (Knopf). The brilliant culmination of a critic's lifelong look at American literature. (6/18/84)

The Sexuality of Christ in Renaissance Art and in Modern Oblivion by Leo Steinberg (Pantheon/October Book). An original study of a delicate subject. (6/11/84)

SAN FRANCISCO DIARIST

Getting Into It

FRIDAY. Today's question: Is Geraldine Ferraro going to turn out to be a gaffe machine? She's two for three so far. At the press conference after her job interview a couple of weeks ago, she said she was sure Mondale's sole consideration in choosing a running mate would be electoral advantage. Gaffe. The formal announcement in Minneapolis yesterday was fine, but then, during the course of her joint appearance with Mondale yesterday in Elmore, Minnesota, she said she didn't believe for a moment that Reagan is a good Christian, because his policies hurt people so much. Gaffe. This is a perfect illustration of Kinsley's Law of Gaffes (see "Home Truths," TRB, May 28) which states that a gaffe occurs not when a politician mistakenly says something false but when he or she mistakenly says something true. Still, Ferraro is going to have to learn to play it safer. (How pleasant it is, by the way, to be able to use the phrase "he or she" in connection with Presidential politics without utopian sanctimony. For that, thanks to Mondale.)

SATURDAY. The papers went easy on Ferraro. She has temporary immunity. Anyway, Mondale has knocked her off page one with his astonishing Bert Lance fiasco. So today's question is: Can anyone think of a plausible explanation? One theory is that Mondale was trying to trim the damage supposedly wrought in the South by the Ferraro choice. This view sees Mondale as a barber who, trying to make the haircut come out even, snips first on one side and then on the other, back and forth, until the customer ends up with a Mohawk. Another theory is that Mondale was so convinced of the insiders' view of Lance—as a good man who was unjustly pilloried and who has done an excellent job as party chairman in Georgia—that he somehow forgot that the public sees Lance purely as a sleazy Carter crony. And why would Mondale want to humiliate the present party chairman, Charles Manatt, on the eve of the convention he worked so hard to bring to his home state? Why not wait a couple of weeks? No one knows.

SUNDAY. A large auditorium is packed to overflowing for a forum co-sponsored by *Mother Jones*, *The Nation*, *Harper's*, and THE NEW REPUBLIC, among others. Tom Hayden begins his talk by saying that the California state assembly district he represents, Santa Monica, has a shocking gap between poverty and wealth—"between me and my wife." There are laughs, and some boos, too. "It's okay if you boo," Tom adds. "Just keep working out." There aren't many delegates in the room, just plenty of lefties from San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley. Ten years ago the equivalent of this crowd would have preferred Ho Chi Minh and smashing the state to "reformism" and bourgeois democracy. Now these people applaud when Hayden talks about building electoral coalitions and Frances Fox Piven talks about registering the unregistered, and they cheer when Michael Harrington says, "The most radical song I know is called 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'" They even listen politely to Michael Novak's admonitions about the dangers of ignoring Soviet power. It's not that these people have moved toward the right, exactly. It's more like they've moved toward the earth.

MONDAY. At last, the convention opens. This is my fifth, and, as usual, I love everything about it: the blue-curtained press work spaces under the eaves, the ever-changing Kremlin Wall tableau of dignitaries on the podium, the booming loudspeakers, and above all the simple pleasure of being in the same room with ten or twenty thousand milling, excited, credential-festooned politics junkies. Conventions may not have much to recommend them as deliberative bodies, but as social events they are without peer. My old boss, Jimmy Carter, is the fifteenth or twentieth speaker, and the first to get the attention of a significant minority of the crowd. He is greeted with friendliness bordering on warmth, and he talks mostly about human rights, a subject which he disposes of credibly. "The current Administration strongly opposes communism, and so do we," he says. "But sometimes they seem to forget why

we Americans oppose communism—not because it is Russian, but because it is a tyranny that oppresses human beings." That's the stuff! It's a good night for him. He's a happier man at this convention than he was at the last one.

AND HOW ABOUT Mario Cuomo? He makes a good speech, doesn't he? A keynote address is meant to rally the faithful and remind them of the higher purposes that supposedly bring them together. The keynote address, as an institution, is one of the very last vestiges of the nineteenth-century tradition of oratory as entertainment. It's *supposed* to be partisan, and sentimental, and flowery, and operatic. It's even supposed to be long. Cuomo's was the best I've ever heard or ever expect to hear; not just the best keynote, but the best party political speech of any kind. Though the words were first rate, I suspect the power of the speech won't fully come through in the written text. The effect on the listeners in the hall was more like that of music—of song—than of spoken language. To pick one small example: Cuomo played the applause like an instrument, talking over it, calming it, bringing it to a crescendo, or stopping it with a gesture, depending on the mood he wished to create at that moment. The vast majority of the delegates and reporters had never seen Cuomo before; he won them immediately and never lost them. His mastery—over his audience, and over patriotic and familial themes that had been Reagan's exclusive domain—was tonic to a party grown numb from hearing endlessly about its weakness, its unsureness, its lack of vision, and its intellectual and moral exhaustion. Cuomo is not exhausted; he gave the party back its soul. His notion of society as a family is such a simple and obvious idea that one wonders why the Democrats haven't been using it for generations. The reason, perhaps, is that until the women's movement came along the family was more a model of patriarchal authority than of democratic cooperation. Things are different now; look at the ticket.

H.H.

AUGUST 6, 1984 43

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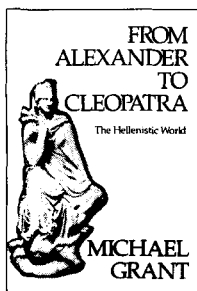
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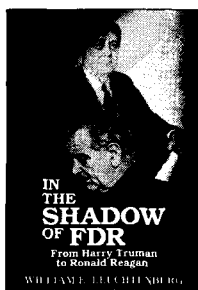
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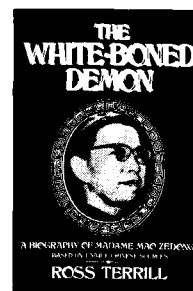
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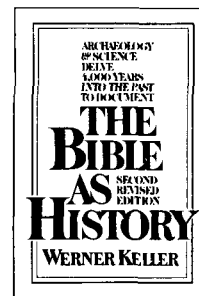
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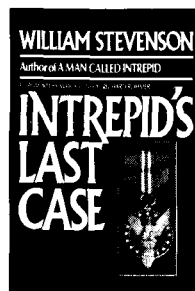
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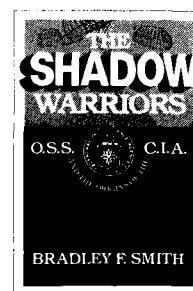
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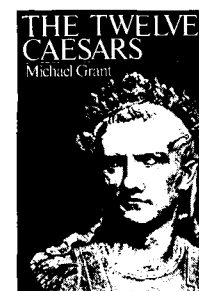
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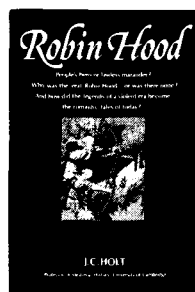
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